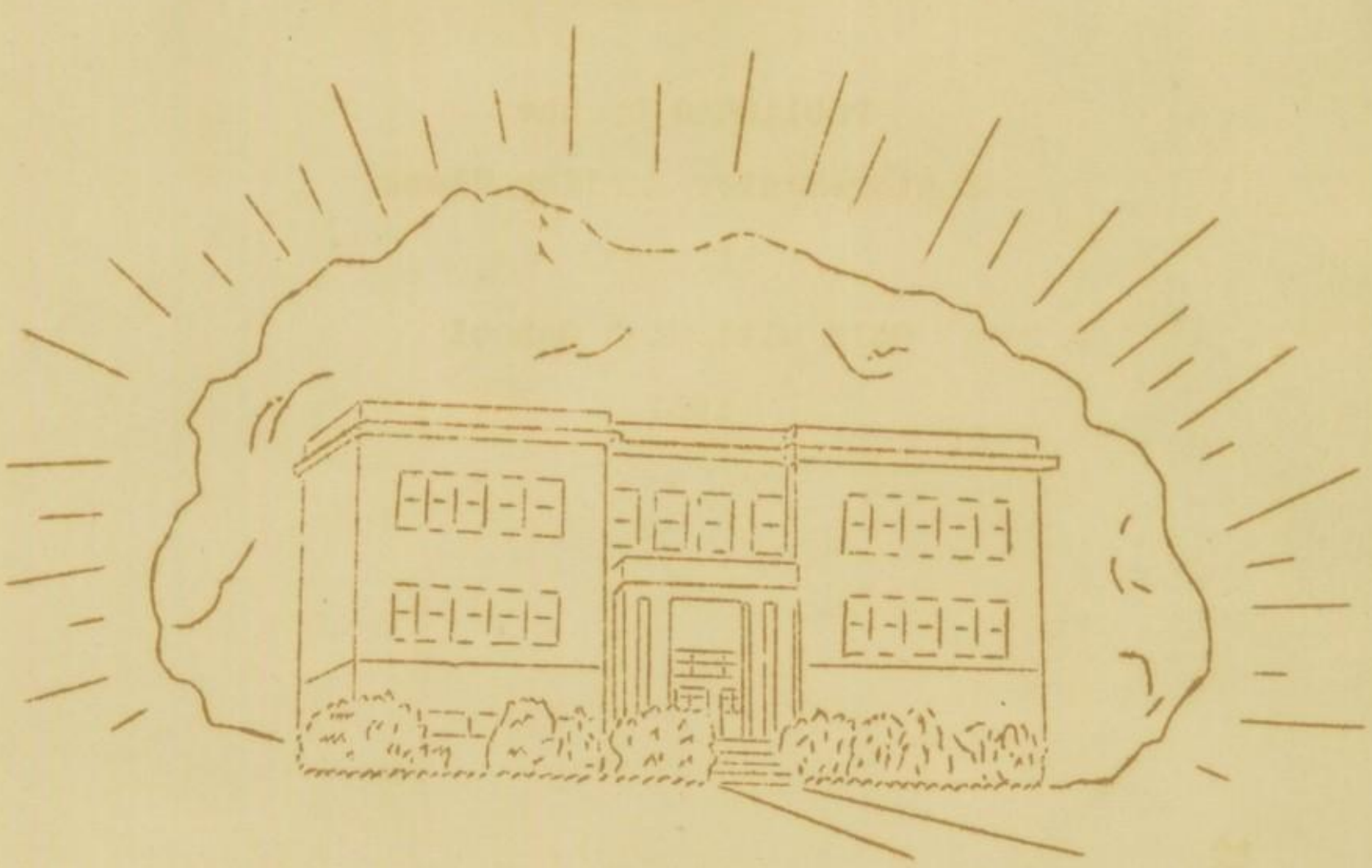
THE NUGGET

1937

La Verne Collegian "4-0"

THE NUGGET



1937

Published by the

Junior-Senior English Class

of the

Gold Hill High School

1937

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School Board - Teachers - Studentbody Officers

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DAILY DIGGIN'S

THE CLASSES OF 36-37

SENIOR CLASS ROLL

James Cornutt
Horace Wilson
Raymond Blair
LaVern Dungey
Jack Martin
Leo Walker

Kendal Dufur
Mary Force
Roberta Mullin
Frieda Young
Vivian Dunlap
Frances Reames

Helen Dorman
Delores Drennon
Catherine King
Mae Norris
Edna Dunlap

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

1933-1934

In September 1933 the following Freshmen were admitted and duly initiated to the Gold Hill High School: Raymond Blair, Sylvia Childers, Mark Campbell, Nina Croft, Helen Dorman, Delores Drennen, Kendal Dufur, Lavern Dungey, Mary Force, Glenn Higinbotham, Catherine King, Martha Malone; Jack Martin, Roberta Mullin, Frances Reames, Leo Walker, Maurine Romell; Sylvia Shoemaker, Lorraine Tompkins, Theodore Wharton, Frieda Young.

Class officers were: President..Roberta Mullin, Vice-President..Lorraine Tompkins, Secretary-Treasurer.. Frieda Young, Sergeant-at-arms..Jack Martin.

1934-1935

In 1934 our class was somewhat changed. From various causes Lorraine Tompkins, Theodore Wharton, Maurine Romell, and Sylvia Childers left our ranks. Jack Darling, Horace Wilson, Ralph Biles, and Marie Korth were new members.

Class officers were: President..Frieda Young, Vice-President..Lavern Dungey, Secretary-Treasurer..Mary Force, Sergeant-at-arms..Horace Wilson.

1935-1936

In 1935 the Junior Class was again quite changed. Ralph Biles, Sylvia Shoemaker, Marie Korth, Jack Darling, and Mark Campbell left. In the second semester Edna and Vivian Dunlap came from Kerby, Oregon.

Class officers were; President..Jack Martin, Vice-President..Leo Walker, Secretary-Treasurer..Mary Force, Sergeant-at-arms..Ralph Biles.

1936-1937

This year Jim Cornutt and Mae Norris are with us, making seventeen in all.

Class officers are: President..Frieda Young; Vice-President..Edna Dunlap, Secretary..Frances Reames, Treasurer..Delores Drennen, Sergeant-at-arms..Horace Wilson, Class Yell Leader..Roberta Mullin.

Leo Walker is the Student Body President this year. Frieda Young is Treasurer. Leo Walker, Frieda Young, and LaVern Dungey represent our class in the band.

FLOWER: Sweet Pea

COLORS: Blue and Gold

MOTTO: It isn't the gale but the set of the sail that determines the way we go.

CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class of the Gold Hill High School, in this year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred thirty-seven, being in our right minds and under no undue influences, do declare this our last Will and Testament, dividing our hidden or unhidden assets among our dear schoolmates.

First: To the school in general, we will all our troubles.

Second: To Mr. Cook, we leave all our strength which he can convert into power for his airplane.

Third: To Miss Paulsen, we leave two-dozen bandages to be used to silence the girls in her sewing class.

Fourth: To Miss Sharp we leave a class with our quiet dignity.

Fifth: To Mr. McGuire we leave our history books.

Sixth: To the Juniors we leave our ability to show our authority.

Seventh: To the Sophomores we leave our best wishes.

Eighth: To the Freshmen we leave enough dignity to prevent their being mistaken for the incoming Freshmen.

Individually--

I, Raymond Blair, leave my reputatuon as a "Romeo" to Duane Hutchins.

I, Delores Drennen, leave my ability to write poetry to Harry Frederick.

I, James Cornutt, leave my curly hair and ability to grow a mustache to Leonard Kell.

I, Edna Dunlap, leave Dale Clement in the safe keeping of Patricia Reames.

I, Kendal Dufur, leave my ability to wear a misplaced eyebrow with suavity to Claire Stumbo.

I, Vivian Dunlap, leave my Mae West personality to Jill Martin.

I, LaVern Dungey, leave my handsome countenance to Laverne Walker.

I, Helen Dorman, leave my shorthand ability to Rosa Desimini.

I, Jack Martin, leave my Ford runabout to someone who can buy a license for it.

I, Mary Force, leave my mouse-like squeal to Fred Herrin.

I, Leo Walker, leave my ability to play basketball to Champlin Garrison.

I, Roberta Mullin, leave my red hair, giggle, and freckles to Dorothy Ham.

I, Horace Wilson, leave my fatal charm for the girls to Everett Young and my manly size to William Dungey.

I, Catherine King, leave my typing ability to some of the boys in the typing class.

I, Frieda Young, leave my ability to get high grades to Lloyd Hammond.

I, Mae Norris, leave my quiet manner and voice to Lucille Smith.

I, Frances Reames, leave my long hair to Phyllis Miller.

Sighed,

Witnessed by:
Duke of Windsor
Jane Withers

Helen Dorman
(Senior Class Editor
of the Nugget)

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

Being possessed of a supernatural power, I am able to fore-see the occupations, of the graduation class of 1937 ten years from now.

What's this? Are my eyes deceiving me? Delores Drennen chasing monkeys. Oh, yes, she is employed by the Dumb Animal Zoo. They hired her to catch wild animals from the deepest wilds of South Africa.

And Jack Martin bathing snakes? Yes, indeed. He is with the Lotta Bunk Circus and one of his principle duties is to bathe the snakes each morning so they will be comfortable through the day.

Frieda Young is a school teacher now. She is making things easier for her fellow school teachers by concentrating upon the matter of how to quiet the children while injecting knowledge through a siphon.

Here is someone writing over so furiously. Well, sink my bobber! It's Jim Cornutt writing nursery rhymes. He writes them for his grandchildren but makes money by publishing them. He signs them "Grampa Gender."

Here I see scenery which strangely resembles that of the South Sea Islands. In fact it is the South Sea Islands. I don't seem to see any graduates of the class of 1937 here, but there must be one somewhere. What's that red over there? Oh, yes, it's on Roberta Mullin, and it is her red hair. She married a missionary, and they went to the South Sea Islands to convert the natives. In her spare time Roberta teaches the natives to tat lace.

What are all those girls hopping around for? Oh, they are tap dancing. And there is Kendal Dufur directing them. They are the most popular tap dancers in the world. They are known as "Dufer's Dolirious Dancing Darlings."

Well, well, snap my suspenders! If there isn't Edna Dunlap typing away like fury making arrangements for Max Baer's next fight! She is his private secretary and attained this renowned position by yelling the loudest at one of his fights.

What can this be? It seems to be a room full of men. Oh, yes, there is a sigh which says "Bachelors! Learn How to Darn and Sew Free! Classes Conducted Every Evening From Six Until Seven. Raymond Blair, Instructor."

Who is this? Oh, it's Helen Dorman employed as a teacher in Northern Alaska, teaching the Eskimos to play ping-pong. This game is very adaptable to the climate as a means of exercise. The game is not too strenuous and so they are not in danger of being overheated and ruining their health.

Horace Wilson works in a Limburger cheese factory. He has the very responsible job of bottling the odor from the limburger cheese. This odor is sold with the cheese to such people as think that the cheese loses it's delicious taste without the odor.

And what have we here? It's Vivian Dunlap! She has become very famous for being the only woman guide leading people to the summit of Mt. Everest. From this great height she is enabled by the use of a telescope to see goldfish in the streams of China.

And what have we here? It's LaVern Dungey smiling as he reads a letter. There are a great number of pink and blue envelopes lying on the desk beside him. LaVern is the editor of the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column of the famous Gold Hill News. He is very devoted to his work and is quite successful.

Well, curl my spit-curls! There's Mary Force earning an exceptionally high wage as librarian for the "Golden Sunbeams Kintergarten". She is a very efficient librarian and is very popular with the small children.

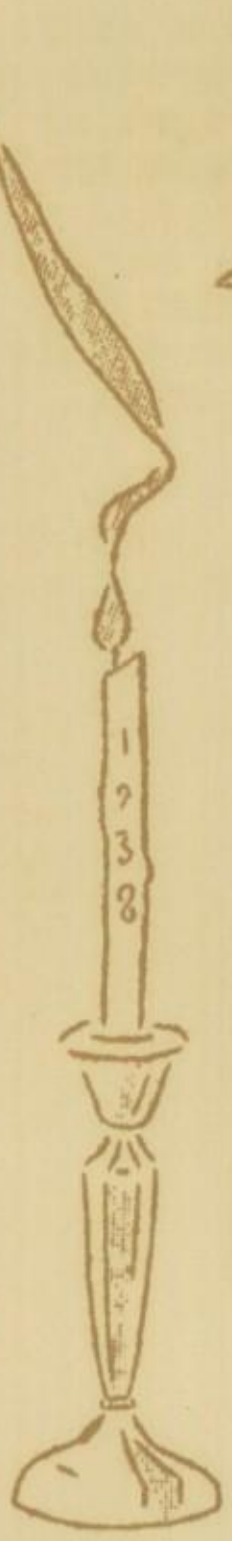
And imagine it? Leo Walker the most famous chef in the world. He introduced a new delicacy. The new food is fried bear-toes. They are becoming a great, great delicacy; because, since so many people are trapping the bears, they are becoming very scarce. The season for hunting bears is limited to one-half day.

Catherine King is a stewardess on the great airship "Whoop-along". She is employed by the "Sure-Crash Air Company". She has no fear of an accident because she carries a copy of the May 27, 1937 Gold Hill News. This paper is so strong that it can be used as a parachute.

And Mae Norris has achieved great fame as a singer of bedtime lullabies. She very successfully carries out her duty of singing Hollywood to sleep every night at seven o'clock. Her name over the radio is Madame Whata-voice.

Frances Reames is a famous caricature artist for the Read and Weep Magazine Company. She received this position as a prize when she entered the Swallowpill Drawing Contest.

SENIORS



JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Leonard Kell
Harry Frederick
Howard Wilson
Dale Clement
Ray Budden
Kenneth Ward

Laverne Walker
Patricia Reames
Hazel Kendall
Maxine Holifield
Merl Kendall
Beth Paulsen, Advisor

Evelyn Martin
Rosa Desimini
Mildred Smith
Phyllis Miller
Sylvia Croft
Bob Korth

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

1934-1935

Twenty-seven boys and girls enrolled in the Gold Hill High School as Freshmen, September 9, 1934. We were happy at last to be this far. After initiation we did not appear quite as "green" and so settled down as dignified members of the school. Jack Darling was president, Phyllis Miller, vice-president; Sylvia Croft; secretary; Hazel Kendall, treasure; and Miss Smith, advisor.

1935-1936

The next year twenty-one of us were back again. It was our turn this year to pick on the freshmen. Merl Kendall was president; Rosa Desimini, vice-president; Laverne Walker, secretary-treasure; Bill Betts, sergeant-at-arms and Dennis McGuire, advisor. Several of the Sophomore boys played on the basketball team.

1936-1937

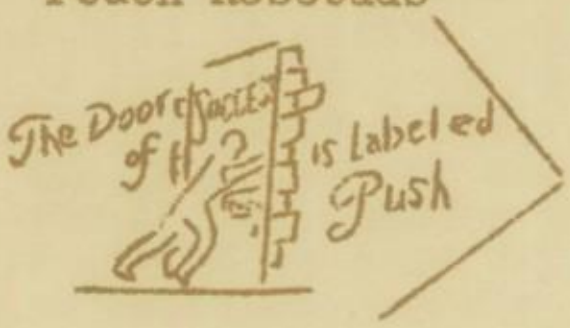
From the twenty-one Sophomores our Junior Class has seventeen left, with one addition, Harry Frederick, a newcomer this year.

As before our class takes an active part in outside activities. Laverne Walker, Bob Korth and Dale Clement played on the A. team in Basketball; Harry Frederick and Howard Wilson are substitutes. This year the entire class took part in presenting our class play "A Little Clodhopper". Those that were not in the cast were members of the staff. The class officers this year are Harry Frederick, president; Laverne Walker, vice-president; Sylvia Croft, secretary-treasurer; Howard Wilson, sergeant-at-arms; and Miss Paulsen, advisor.

FLOWER: Nile Green and Peach

COLOR: Peach Rosebuds

MOTTO:



JUNIOR REVIEWS

When I came through the hall this morning, the first grade door was open and as I looked in, my thoughts raced over the memories of those wonderful days in that same room. How well I can remember my first day! I was so frightened until my teacher, Miss Alice Harper, came and talked to me and assured me that I was here for a good time and that everyone would be friendly and treat me kindly. Then I remembered my first reading lessons and how thrilled I was everytime I learned a new word. As I looked through the door I noticed a small phonograph sitting in the corner. It brought back to me those rainy days when we used to march around and around the room using different steps. And how excited I was when I got my report card at the end of the year telling me that I had passed into the second grade!

From here my mind wandered up through the years. My second year's work with Miss Ethel Hedgepeth as my teacher and my third and fourth year under Mrs. Minnie Sargent. Here we started studying geography, fractions and long division.

When I was in the fifth grade with Miss Moore as my teacher, I considered myself quite advanced as we were upstairs this year. Up with the high school! However the next year we were put back downstairs with Mrs. Marjorie Pena in what used to be the Auditorium. We had loads of fun this year because we had the old stage and were allowed to give short plays and skits. We also did quite a bit of art-work. I also had Mrs. Pena for my seventh grade.

Mrs. Maude Robinson taught our class in my eighth year. This was an important year to me, because I took my state tests and, surely enough, passed everyone of them. When I received my diploma I was very proud of it, as it meant eight years of good hard work.

On a September morning in 1934 I was again very nervous as I entered the office to register as a Freshman. This year I was to have four different teachers. How thrilling it sounded! But I soon learned differently. After two or three weeks as Freshmen, the Sophomore Class surprised us one morning in Science Class, and made us "ride the goat". The Student Body gave several other parties during the year which everyone enjoyed. One thing in particular which every Freshman appreciated was

being allowed to go to basketball games at other schools.

I started my next year as a Sophomore with four credits. This year was just a little more exciting as it was our turn to furnish the "goat" for the Freshmen. We were also older and knew the different customs and traditions of a high school student. My Sophomore year went by much more quickly than my Freshmen year and I was soon to be ranked as a Junior.

Half-way through high school! Hard to believe, but true. And now half of my Junior year is gone.

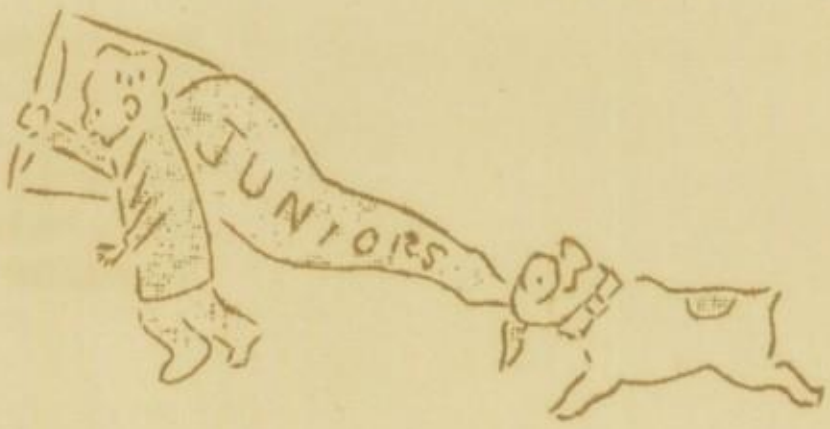
As I look back over this, I can think of so many different incidents which are just as important as the very few I have put down here, but which would take much more time and hard work. Therefore, they aren't here.

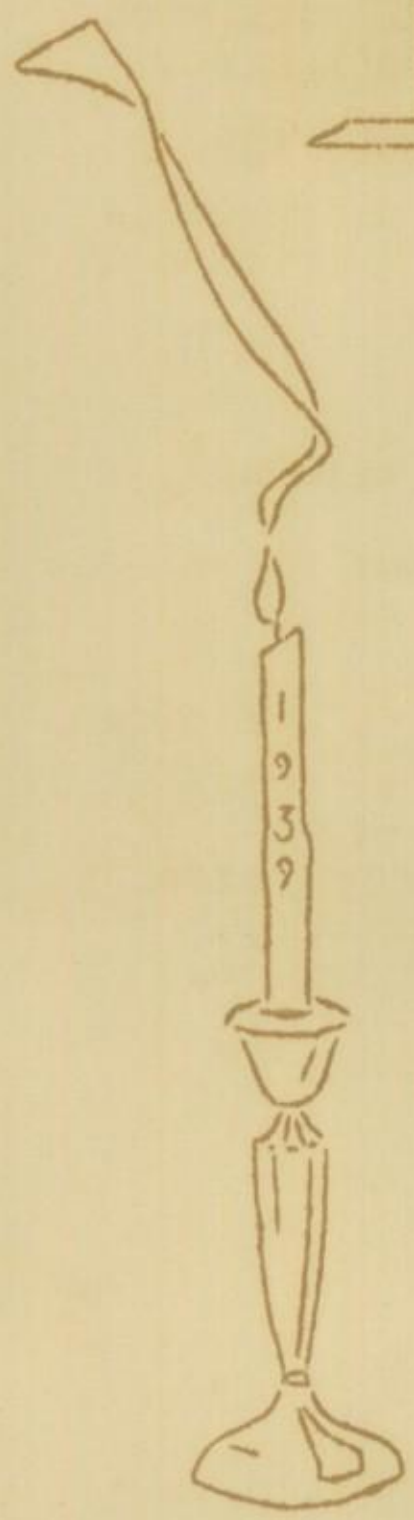
--Mildred Smith, '38

ADVICE TO JUNIORS

Junior? Junior? Junior! Hark who's that calling?
A mother telling her lazy son to rise?
Nay, 'tis Father Providence calling to our class
To look into the future with far-seeing eyes.
Not to leap quickly out into the world,
But to stop and consider each step we may take;
For many and many are the Juniors gone before
That have forgotten and been vanquished by fate;
So if in the future the occasion should rise
When to consider would seem too plodding and slow
Just stop and remember these words to the wise.
You will find them good warning wherever you go.

--Patricia Reames, '38





SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

Buster Mullin
Duane Hutchins
Champlin Garrison
Bill Dungey
Lloyd Hammond
Gilbert Lentz

Louise Chapman
Virginia Duncan
Elizabeth Davis
Dennis McGuire, advisor
Kennethea Kegg
Charlotte Walker

Lauraine Force
Wanda Hayes
Eileen Shorb
Beverly Phillips
Virginia Shoemaker
Vernice Martin

SOPHOMORE HISTORY

When we entered school, September 9, 1935, there was an enrollment of 26 boys and girls but as time passed on the pupils began to drop out one by one until finally at the end of the year there were only 22 pupils left to graduate and become great big heman Sophomores.

While we were freshmen we had several good times. After about six weeks had gone by, we were initiated by the Sophomores; and, also, sometimes by upper classmen, who weren't supposed to initiate us but did anyhow.

After the initiation we were honored by the party, which the Sophomores grudgingly gave us. So to show our appreciation we gave them a return party which turned out to be pretty good considering it was our first try at that sort of thing. After all of this commotion we settled down to hard work with but a few failures and of course some had to go see the principal about difficulties that occured.

Towards the end of the year Buster Mullin played a part in the Junior-Senior play and afterwards he had the chance to go to a show that was given to all of the play cast.

At the commencement exercises Virginia Duncan was awarded a silver cup for being the best all-a-round Freshman. She had to give the cup back, but she did get her name engraved on it. On May the 8th there was a large commotion going on around school for it was on this day that the whole High School was to go to the annual picnic to be held in Ashland. All in all, we had a very wonderful time. Our first year with only a very few mishaps.

On Sept. 7, we started back to school after having a long happy vacation, but it took time to settle down to real work. It was only after a few weeks had passed that we made up our minds that the Freshmen needed taming down a little and that is just what we did. We made them do everything we could think of and a few things more than that. The Freshmen took it as all good sports should, so we decided to give them a party which we did, but there was some difficulty, because some of the boys and girls took the eats out of the teachers house and hid them. We finally got most all of it back

and the party continued, even to the last cake. Just before Halloween the Freshmen gave us a return party, designed as a masque of witches. Some months later the Freshmen and Sophomores gave a party to the upper classmen and everybody there seemed to have a wonderful time and went home happy.

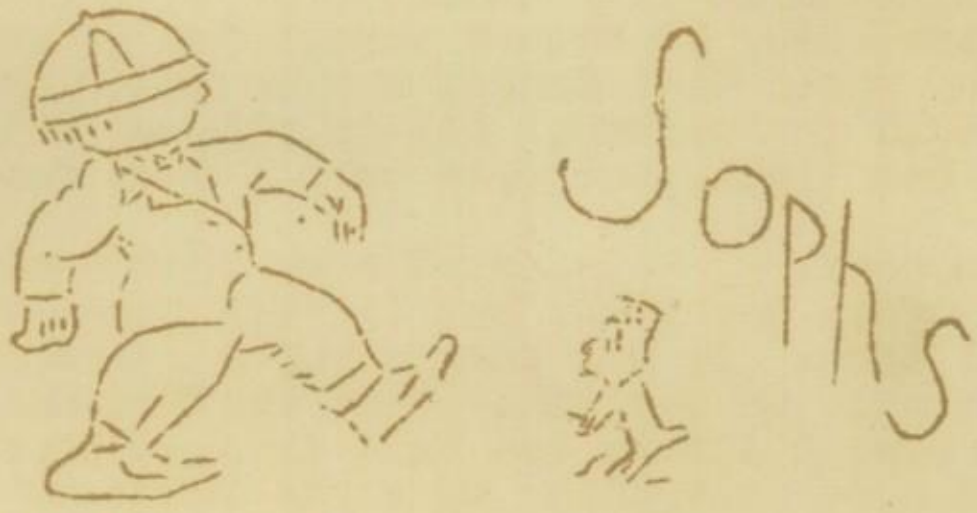
After the second semester started two pupils dropped out and we had one new one come in so that left us with only 19 in the class. Throughout the year we Sophomores were well represented in almost all of the activities, partly because the Oregon State Law required all boys and girls to take physical education.

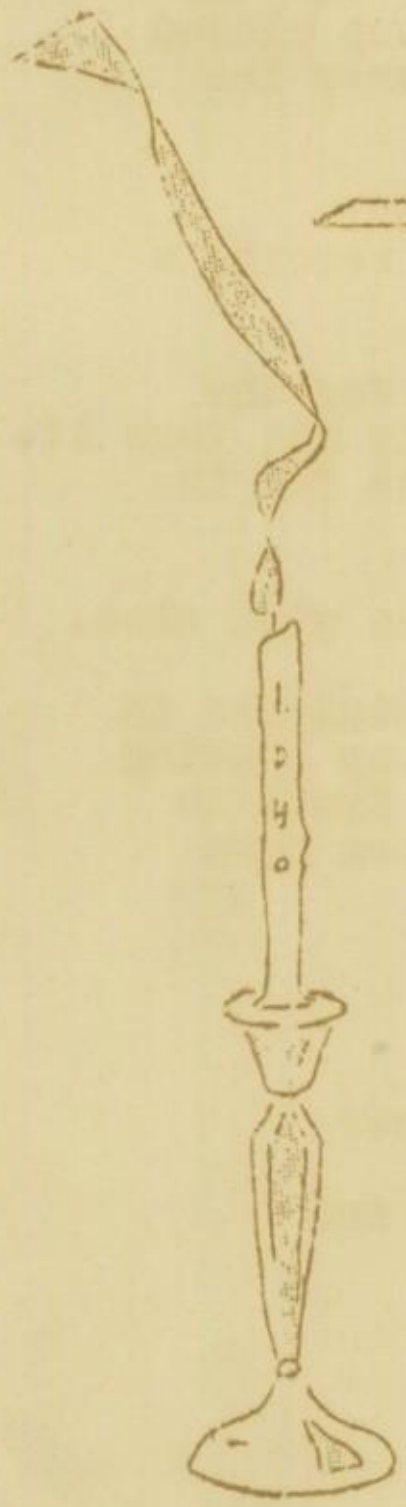
We are all having a wonderful time and sincerely hope our Junior and Senior years will be as happy as our Sophomore year has been.

FLOWER: Pink Carnation

COLOR: Pink and White

MOTTO: One for all and
all for one.





FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

Claire Stumbo
Fred Herrin
Robert Wolff
Everett Young

Beulah Sharp, Advisor
Beulah Rosecrans
Jill Martin
Ruth Lance

Dorothea Duncan
Dorothy Ham
La Velle Edington
Lucille Smith
Marjory Frohlich

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

In the fall of "36", we met in the study hall of Gold Hill High for the first time as a class of Freshmen. Each one of us had patiently waited for the day when we would be Freshmen. After everyone was enrolled we went home to return on the morrow.

In October we underwent the traditional initiation given by the Sophomores. On the night of initiation everyone played games and had a very enjoyable evening.

Around Halloween we gave the Sophomores a return party in the form of a masquerade to which all members of the student body were invited. The party was the first of a series of school dances. The group played games and danced, and at the close of the party ice cream and wafers were served.

The Freshmen won the Senior play ticket selling campaign. The winning class was to receive a party given by the Seniors.

Since Physical Education is compulsary for the Freshman and Sophomores, all those physically fit take it. The girls have all been working to get points for the first award.

The Freshmen have also taken part in the glee club.

When school started there were twelve students in the Freshmen Class. Leith Mac Iver moved away leaving only eleven, but a few months later Marjory Frohlich entered into the class making its numbers once more twelve.

FLOWER: Sweet Pea

COLOR: Green and Silver

MOTTO: Learn to live and
live to learn

A FRESHMAN'S IMPRESSION OF INITIATION DAY

"From the top of my head to the tips of my toes, I take my shoes off to you, Your Excellency. I, the most lowly and humble of the green Freshmen, do beseech you, most highly esteemed Sophomore, for permission to speak, oh, Honorable One."

This little speech may have been heard any time of the day, on Friday, October 18, if you had been at all interested.

Those Sophomores! They just poured it on. "Get busy! Get to work!", resounded over the tennis court all morning, as they made us hoe out all the weeds, sweep, scrape, and line the court.

The clothes were interesting, too. Boys with rouge and lipstick on and dressed in girls gym bloomers. Girls in really short dresses, men's shoes, stockings and garters, and paint all over their faces.

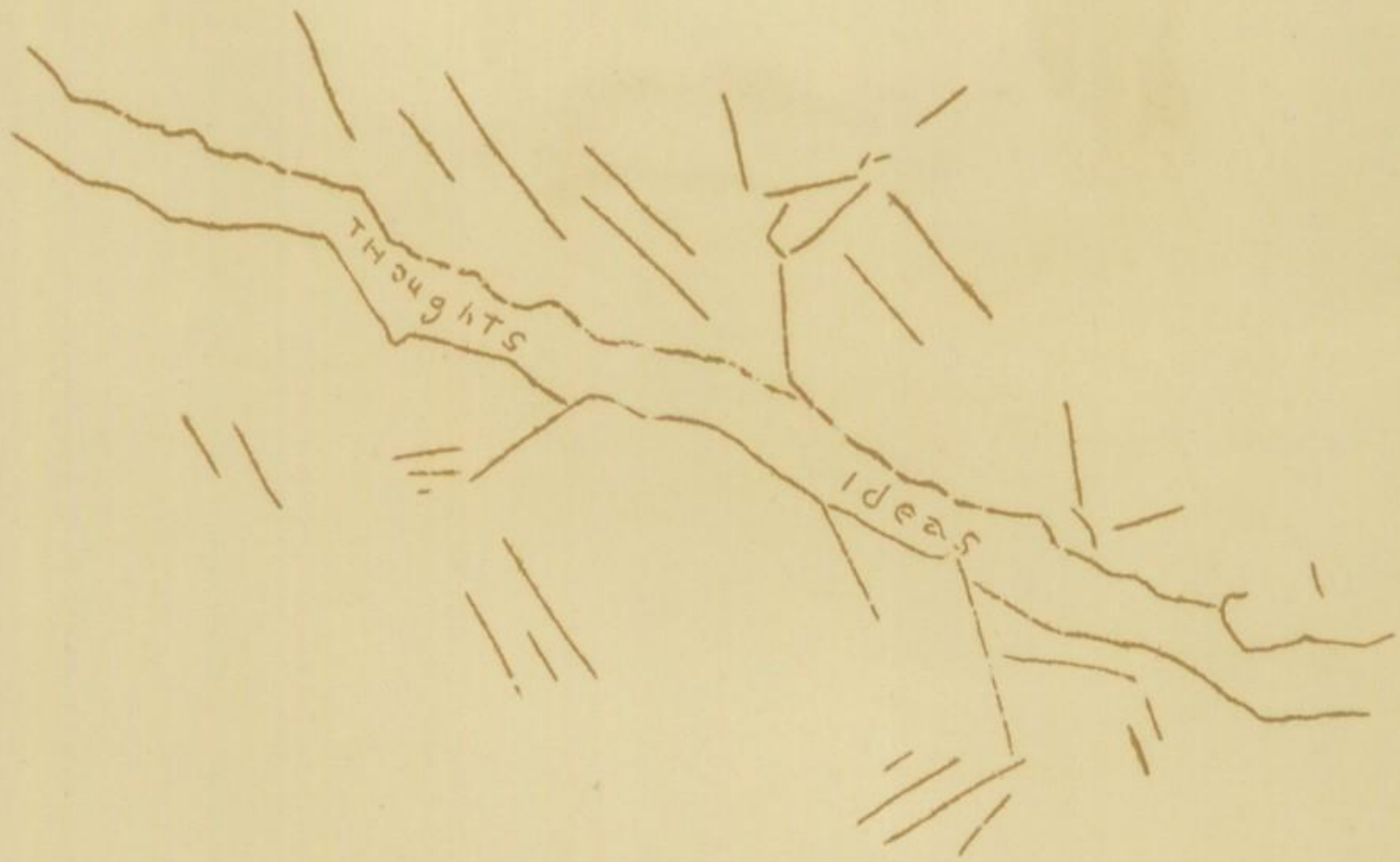
But, to get back to the work--it was worst of all! We cleaned the tennis court as I said before. We scrubbed the study hall and the outside hall upstairs. We raked up all the leaves on the lawn, picked up all the papers we could find, and we <u>tried</u> (?) to clean up the ball diamond.

Altogether it was a rotten day, and a good time was had by all, especially when it came time to clean up for the party.

--Lucille Smith, '40

THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF EACH
RECREATION
STUDY
SUCCESS

PAY STREAK



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Mildred Smith
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Howard Wilson
Mae Norris
Mimeographing . . . . . Leo Walker
Kendal Dufur
Laverne Walker
Kenneth Ward
Advisor . . . . . Beth Paulsen

IN APPRECIATION

The 1937 Nugget Staff wishes to extend thanks to the following people:

The business men of Gold Hill, Grants Pass, and Medford, whose advertising has helped finance this book.

Miss Paulsen, the advisor, who has devoted her time to making this Annual a success.

Mr. L. T. Cook, principal, who has supervised the printing of the pictures that appear in this book.

Miss Sharp, who has supervised the typing classes in preparing the material for mimeographing.

Miss Frances Reames, who has supervised the art work and edited the Literary Section of The Nugget.

GETTING AHEAD INSTEAD OF BEHIND

A student in school who thinks of school as a place in which to have only enjoyment and fun has a very warped idea in his mind. True, we want to be happy in whatever we do, but the main object of school is to study. We have outside activities to keep school from becoming too monotonous. So many times we meet a student whose whole heart and soul is interested in football, baseball, plays or any of the numerous activities we have in school; but, when it comes to studying, he gives it a "lick and a promise," so to speak, and lets it go at that. Not only at school does this happen but also at home. Too many times detective stories or cowboy romances take the place of an assignment at school.

The student reacts to these things in school. He doesn't know his lesson; therefore he can't recite; he can't listen because he isn't interested. The student graduates by "just skinning through." What's his attitude? He thinks he's lucky and perhaps a trifle "smart," to use the slang meaning. But it's a different story when he's face to face with the realities of life. He has no education; his mind isn't made up as to what he intends to do with his future; he probably has a strong back from playing football, but he probably also possesses a weak mind from lack of proper training.

When it comes time for the student to get a job, he is faced with this question: Have you had a good education? He may have had a college education, but isn't the employer wise enough to know whether that boy or girl has taken advantage of that education or not? What good is an education if you don't know what it's all about? So the student finds jobs for him are scarce. He can't use his mind to get one because it hasn't been trained properly. He finds his hands and perhaps a strong body are his only assets, and this probably is the reason we usually find that this type has as a future digging ditches.

--Maxine Holifield

THE BUS SERVICE OF OUR SCHOOL

Five school busses bring pupils, who live out of town, in to attend the GOLD HILL School. Clinton and Clyde Walker own their busses; the other three are owned by the school board. One of the busses is a Ford V8; the other four are Chevrolets.

There are five bus routes; but each route includes more than one creek. The routes are as follows: (I) Gall's Creek, Sardine Creek and the Pacific Highway; (2) Sam's valley and the river road; (3) Foot's Creek and the Pacific Highway; (4) the dirt road on the right side of Rock Point to Birdseye Creek and the Pacific Highway; (5) Old Stage Road, Kane's Creek and the Pacific Highway.

The same bus drivers have driven the busses for several years. Carl Routh has the Gall's Creek and Sardine Creek route; Veltie Biles has the dirt road to Birdseye Creek route; Mike Van Houton has the Foot's Creek route; Clyde Walker has the Sam's Valley route; Clinton Walker has the Old Stage Road route.

Our school offers a fine bus service; the busses bring both grade and high school pupils to school. Several busses furnish transportation to the annual music festival at Ashland. Better yet! One of the busses takes high school pupils to every basket ball game in which our team plays. Very few schools offer the last service and we are very proud that our school is one that does.

The time schedule is very convenient: The busses leave Gold Hill about 7:30 in the morning, and they leave the school building about 3.30 in the afternoon.

Pupils who come in from the country help very much in making our school larger. Thirty-eight pupils come from the Gall's Creek and Sardine Creek route; twenty-eight come from the Old Stage Road and Kane's Creek; twenty-three pupils come from the dirt road to Birdseye Creek. About twenty pupils come from Foot's Creek, and about seventeen come from Sam's Valley and the River Road. Altogether about one hundred twenty-seven pupils come to school here who could not come but for our bus service.

The bus service of Gold Hill School also helps the service stations in town by buying gas at each station in town for a month at a time.

Who says our school bus service isn't a good thing?

--Hazel Kendall, '38

AN IDEAL SCHOOLGIRL

I see a schoolgirl coming up the walk. There's something about her air that makes one look twice. She has a brisk walk and an upright posture. As she draws nearer I notice her appearance. Her hair is neatly and attractively arranged, her clothes are plain but fit well. The color of her outfit harmonizes with her complexion.

With the same brisk walk she ascends the stairs to the school room. She greets classmates and teachers with a cheerful, "Good Morning," and a happy smile. She is well liked here; I can tell by the way she is greeted by others.

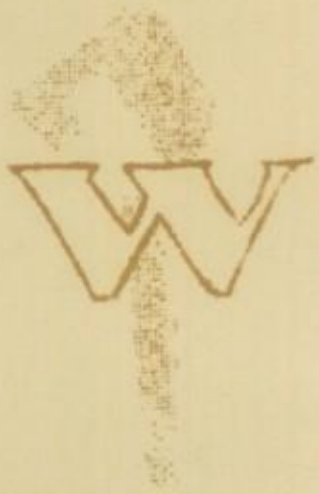
The school bell rings and she does not waste time in getting settled to her studies. She recites brilliantly when class time comes; but, when physical training period comes and it is time to leave her books, she is the first of the happy crowd to start for the gymnasium. There she shines, too. Her spirit is good sportsmanship

When I spoke to this girl she answered in a pleasant voice. Her English was correct and spoken in an interesting manner.

The most impressive thing about this girl was that she seemed to be living on the sunny side of the earth. A smile and a cheerful manner may win many friends and solve as many problems.

--Merl Kendall, '38

WHAT NEXT?



ill the year ever pass? That is what seventeen seniors are wondering. Those seniors are waiting, anxious for school to end. Anxious to get their diplomas. The goal of twelve years work.

What will they do when there is no more school for them? Some perhaps may go on to college or normal but many will leave school for their last time this year. Some will look for work, not knowing just what they would like to do; others have their life work picked out and planned; while still others will stay with their parents; and others will get married.

No matter how unsettled their future life may be, all are anxious for the last day to come. As each week passes they know the end is that much nearer.

But do they think of the years to come? Many will wish they, too, were entering school again when they see their friends in lower classes pass with their books on the way to school next fall. But that is the way of life, we must grow older and change our ways and habits to fit our needs.

--Catherine King, '37

PRIDE IN OUR SCHOOL

Though we often disregard it, pride is important in school as well as in the home. A large portion of our time from the age of six to twenty is spent in the school room.

Mother would correct you immediately if she saw you shaking your pen on the living room floor or drawing pictures on the walls. Have you observed this practice? I don't think much observation is necessary to enable you to notice the great injustices which are being done by the students to the walls and floors of our school.

We needn't put the blame on the Freshman class although we won't say they are faultless. Pictures and initials appear on a number of the hall and room walls. It will not harm any one, if she or he must draw pictures or put his initials with his best friend's, to walk a few feet further, grasp a piece of chalk, and gracefully adorn the blackboard, which can be erased in a few second's time.

The people who pass through the rooms regularly would much rather look at a clean scarless wall than one which is highly decorated. This practice is a bad habit and shows clearly the lack of a student's pride in his school.

--Frieda Young, '37

A BALANCED DIET IN READING

A balanced diet in reading is very important to our mental health. If we read about just one type of story, our minds soon dwell on these subjects and we are not capable of doing other things well because we do not give them enough thought.

To have a balanced diet in reading, we should read something about the joys, tragedies, travel, sports, amusements, and romances of our fellow human beings.

Some people read nothing but western stories, mystery stories, detective stories, or love stories. Most of these have the same plots written with different words. When people read these constantly, they soon try to act like some favorite type of character and other people consider them somewhat unbalanced. A few of these stories may be all right, but they should be very few in number.

--Helen Dorman, '37

LEND ME YOUR BOOK
DON'T FORGET WHERE YA LOT IT

Around the Campfire

SOCIAL

INITIATION PARTY

All teachers and students of the Gold Hill High School entertained the "greenhorns", at the Freshman initiation party, which was given on the sixteenth of October, nineteenth thirty six. The teachers, Juniors and Seniors were also invited.

The "Freshies" were rather shy for awhile, that is until they were assured that the upper-classmen weren't going to laugh at them; then they joined in the games with the rest of us. The party was a real success and I believe even the "Freshies" will agree with us that the Sophomores are pretty nice, even though the Sophomores took advantage of initiation week.

While the games were in full swing, some of the upper-classmen thought they would play a joke on the Sophomores. When the Sophomore girls went after the food they found that some of it had been stolen. However they showed what good sports they are and served refreshments of cake and punch to everyone, even to the ones who should have had guilty conscience.

THE RETURN PARTY

The freshman gave the Masquerade party for the Sophomores on the twenty-ninth of October, nineteen thirty six. Of course the upper classmen and teachers were cordially invited. Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Walker and Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Duncan acted as patrons and patronesses.

We had to present our invitation to a mysterious looking monk at the back entrance before we were admitted. Then an army captain took us through a sort of dungeon like place. Before we could enter the main room. Upon entering the room, which was decorated for the occasion, it seemed to me that I was among a group of strangers. Everyone looked so mysterious. They were having a grand time trying to guess who the other fellow was. The costumes represented practically every corner of the globe. There were gypsies, ghosts, a huge black

cat, old fashioned girls, Spaniards, an Arab, several Orientals, an Indian, a milk maid, cow-girls and boys, two witches, a pirate girl, hoboes, and a negro who acted as master of ceremonies.

Games were played for awhile; then the mysterious characters marched around the gymnasium so the judges could decide upon the costumes. Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Walker and Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Duncan acted as judges. After the winners were chosen, the rest of the evening was spent dancing and singing songs.

Dainty refreshments of ice cream and wafers were served.

COSTUMES SEEN AT THE FRESHMEN MASQUERADE PARTY

Oh! what fun guessing who's who this evening. This is the most interesting masquerade party I have attended in a long while. Perhaps the first costumes to catch the eye are the bright and gaudy ones--the gypsies. The one in the corner with the bright red skirt and hat to match is very typical of the true gypsy. The green costume with the purple sash is also very good.

Next are the weird costumes. That ghost by the window is certainly spooky looking; enough to make anyone shudder. And those witches must be old-maid sisters, as they are almost identical. Oh! please don't mumble so, you make me so nervous!

The ones to follow sometimes interest more people than those of other types. So here we go! That group of old fashioned girls--they are such darlings with their long curls and their large, full skirts and tight blouses.

There must be a whole family of Spaniards here this evening, every one of them is dressed in true Spanish style; the Senoritas with their large combs and the Senors with their gayly trimmed jackets.

There is also one very interesting gentleman here wearing yards and yards of material--that Arab over at the fortune tellers booth. He certainly has the ability to attract the young girls, too. What a savage looking Indian! But do be careful--he may be carrying concealed weapons, and they aren't too pleasant to meet. Several Orientals are present, very attractively dressed. The Chinaman who let you in at the door is a very interesting person.

Now come the laughs. Those bashful "girls" over near the door are getting impatient waiting for their beaus to arrive. They certainly are attractive and oh, what shapely legs! The large black cat is very interested in that mouse hole he is watching, too. Oh! I hadn't noticed before, but isn't that tall negro who is calling the dances "making a hit" with the girls.

Look! Those hoboes slouching in the corner! They certainly are a "scream".

Besides all these, there is a very interesting army captain; a milk maid dressed in blue with her bonnet tied in the cutest bow under her chin. Then there are several cowgirls and boys who appear to have just arrived from the "wild and woolly West", and the most beautiful pirate girl ever to roam the seas.

After all I think this has been a most wonderful evening, meeting these people from all corners of the earth.

--Mildred Smith, '38

THE YULE PARTY

On the afternoon of December twenty-second, nineteen-thirty-six, the entire high school assembled in the gymnasium where Santa did appear with a huge sack which contained a present for everyone. Each person recieved a large sack of "treats" with his present.

The gymnasium was decorated for the occasion. A large tree, brightly decorated was in the left corner of the gym. Greenery was placed around the stage.

After the gifts were distributed, to our great surprise, we found that LaVern Dungey one of our schoolmates had played the part of Santa. The remainder of the afternoon was spent dancing.

HARD TIME PARTY

Last fall, the Student Body had a season ticket sales campaign. The losers were to entertain the winners. The upper-classmen sold the most tickets, therefore the lower-classmen had to forget their disappointment and plan some sort of entertainment for the winners.

They planned a hard time party, which was given on Friday evening, March nineteenth. The gymnasium was decorated, with gay colored crepe paper, for the occasion. Everyone came dressed in their old tattered clothes. The usual sort of games were played and the latter part of the evening was spent dancing. The entire group had a great time during the two old time "Paul Jones" dances.

Dainty refreshments of wafers and punch were served after the dancing.

BLACK AND WHITE MINSTREL CARNIVAL

The carnival and minstrel show was given April 2, to raise money for the band uniforms. The carnival was a great success. There were many things to interest a person, such as the beano, the wheel of fortune, the baseball throw, and the dart throw. The girls sold hot dogs, candy and popcorn.

The band under the direction of E. B. Knapp furnished music during the evening. The music added much pep to the carnival.

The evening was brought to a close with the black and white minstrel show. There were twenty five in the mixed chorus which sang many negro songs. Rastus, Liza, Mandy, Bones and Rufus Phillips, Carl and Tommy Southwick, were the three pickaninnies.

W. R. C. BANQUET

The Women's Relief Corp entertained the members of the Senior Class and the high school faculty at a banquet held May 12 in the W. R. C. hall.

Mrs. Ben Paul, President of the Corp gave a pleasant welcoming address. Mr. Cook gave the return speech. Leo Walker, President of the student body, and Frieda Young, president of the senior class, both gave short speeches.

The table was decorated for the occasion with the class colors, blue and gold.

ANNUAL PICNIC

The Student Body went to Ashland for their annual picnic on Friday, May 14.

During the morning the students and teachers played tennis and roamed through the park. At noon the group gathered on the picnic grounds for their lunch. In the afternoon the students' interests varied. Some of the group went to a show or swimming and the others remained in the park.

The committees for the picnic were as follows: Refreshment Committee: Chairman, Frieda Young; Dorothy Ham; Virginia Duncan; and Mildred Smith.

Transportation Committee: Chairman, Gilbert Lentz; Virginia Shoemaker; Rosa De Amini; and Helen Dorman.

Program Committee: Chairman, Lucille Smith; Eileen Shorb; Harry Fredericks; and Laverne Walker.

JUNIOR-SENIOR THEATER PARTY

It is the custom for the Junior Class to entertain the Seniors each year. On the evening of May twenty-first, the Juniors took the Seniors to see the movie, "Shall We Dance", at the Craterian Theater. The teachers acted as chaperons for the group.

After the movie the group went to Valentine's Cafe, where dainty refreshments were served.

This was an event we came back to the school-house and danced after which ice cream and cookies were served by the Junior class.

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

Doxology . . . . . Congregation

Invocation . . . . . Rev. Bartlam

Hymn, "America" . . . . . Congregation

Solo, "Dwell In My Heart" . . . . . Mrs. L. T. Cook

Scripture Reading . . . . . Rev. Bartlam

Prayer . . . . . Rev. Bartlam

Hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy" . . . . . Congregation

Anthem, "I Will Extol Thee" . . . . . Glee Club

Sermon, "Power That May Be Ours" . . . . . Rev. Bartlam

Hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers" . . . . . Congregation

Benediction . . . . . Rev. Bartlam

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Processional . . . . . High School Band
Mr. E. B. Knapp, Director

Invocation

Salutatorian . . . . . Frances Reames

Soprano Solo, "Land of the Sky Blue Waters" Mrs. L.T. Cook
Cadman

Address, "Friend or Enemy" . . . . . Mr. K. Scott Wood

Baritone Solo, "The Trumpeter" . . . . Mr. Dennis McGuire

Selection, "Morning" Speaks-Baldwin . . Girls Glee Club
"Southern Moon" Strickland

Baritone Solo, "Evening Star" Wagner . Mr. F. Guetzlaff

Special Awards . . . . . Mr. L. T. Cook

Presentation of Diplomas . . . . . Mr. W. E. Ross
Chairman of Board of Directors

Valedictorian . . . . . Frieda Young

Benediction

Recessional . . . . . High School Band

CLASS ROLL

Mae Norris	Kendal Dufur	Raymond Blair
Mary Force	Helen Dorman	Frances Reames
Leo Walker	Vivian Dunlap	Catherine King
Jack Martin	LaVern Dungey	Roberta Mullin
Edna Dunlap	James Cornutt	Delores Drennen
Frieda Young	Horace Wilson	

CLASS MOTTO

It's not the gale but the set of the sail
that determines the way we go.

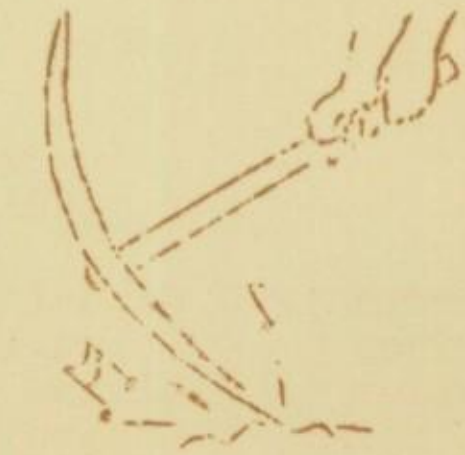
COLORS

Blue and Gold

FLOWER

Sweet Pea

RYTHM IN PICK TIME



GOLDEN LEGENDS

GLEE CLUB

This year a boys' and girls' chorus was organized under the direction of Miss Beulah Sharp, with fourteen boys and eighteen girls enrolling. It has been of much interest to all pupils.

They have taken part successfully in various programs. They sang many carols at the Christmas program. During National Music Week they sang at Rogue River and at an assembly in our own school. At Baccalaureate and Commencement exercises they furnished several songs.

The chorus has greatly appreciated the privilege of singing this year and did splendid work, but we feel that next year they will work even harder and furnish much better music.

Laverne Walker
Ray Blair
Ray Budden
Lloyd Hammond
Harry Frederick
Buster Mullin
Jack Martin
Kenneth Ward
Bob Korth
Fred Herrin
Claire Stumbo
Kennethea Kegg
Laurraine Force
Ruth Lance
Beulah Sharp, Director
Maxine Holifield
Virginia Duncan
Lucille Smith
Dorothea Duncan
Mildred Smith
LaVelle Edington
Beulah Rosencrans
Sylvia Croft
Louise Chapman
Beverly Phillips
Dorothy Ham
Elizabeth Davis
Marjory Frolich
Sybil Walker
Phyllis Miller
Don Dungey
Duane Hutchins

BAND

An eleven piece band was organized under the direction of E. B. Knapp, creating new interest in music and adding much pep to the school.

The band has furnished music at basketball games throughout the season. They played at both the Junior and Senior plays and at the carnival given for the benefit of the band. The band went to Rogue River and Alderbrook schools during the National Music Week and furnished very good music. They also played at our own assembly given in honor of music week.

The band raised enough money from their carnival to buy new green and gold uniforms.

If they make as much progress next year as they have this year, we feel we will have a band of which the whole school can really be proud.

E. B. Knapp . . . . .Director
Leo Walker. . . . . Saxaphone
Lauraine Force. . . Saxaphone
LaVern Dungey . . . .Clarinet
Laverne Walker. . . . Trumpet
Frieda Young. . . . . Piano
Phyllis Miller. . . . . Drums
Billy Reed. . . . . .Clarinet
Billy Force . . . . Saxaphone
Laurene Kell. . . . Saxaphone

"THE KING RIDES BY"

"The King Rides By" was presented by the Senior Class, November 24, 1936, under the direction of Miss Beulah Sharp.

CAST

JUDGE EDMUND DORSET. . . . . .HARRY FREDERICK
CECILY DORSET, his second wife . . . ROBERTA MULLIN
BARONESS DORSET DAGUERRE VON LSCHENBACH, Dorset's first wife, Valeria's mother . . MAXINE HOLIFIELD
VALERIA DORSET, Edmund's daughter. . . . MARY FORCE
CAPTAIN ROSS WHEATLEY, Aviation Corps. KENNETH WARD
DEBORAH WINCHELL, Cecily's niece . . PHYLLIS MILLER
HAL STANLEY, Deborah's fiancee . . . RAYMOND BLAIR
SIMMONS (OLD DUKE), the butler . .CHAMPLIN GARRISON
LORANDA (LIL). the maid . . . . . EDNA DUNLAP
CASH McCORD (THE PRINCE), on parole. .LAVERN DUNGEY
STUFFY, Cash's lieutenant. . . . . JACK MARTIN
KATHERINE WELLS, news reporter . . .CATHERINE KING

STAFF

Stage Manager. . . . . Leo Walker
Stage Electrician. . . . . .Dale Clemont
Business Manager . . . . . .Frieda Young
Assistant Business Manager . .Helen Dorman
Costume Mistress . . . . . .Frances Reames
Property Mistress. . . . . .Mae Norris
Stage Assistants . . . . . .Shop Class
Prompter . . . . . Delores Drennen

Judge Edmund Dorset of the Chicago Superior Court is a singularly lonesome man. Both his marriages have been disappointments to him. His first wife, Clara, left him for the pursuit of title and money. Cecily, his second wife, leaves him to amuse himself while she climbs the social ladder. So the judge amuses himself by watching the queer quirks that change the fates of men.

Cecily, his second wife, has invited a foreign prince to be their house guest. In preparation for this event she has added to her menage, a superior butler, Simmons, and a maid, Loranda.

Three nights before the prince is due, Simmons catches two intruders breaking into the house. He is about to give them up when he recognizes them as two former associates, Cash McCord and his henchman, Stuffy. They are no less surprised to discover in Simmons, Old Duke of notorious fame. They decide to pull their looting job together when Loranda, who is McCord's former wife, appears and demands a three-way split. Having intercepted a letter telling that the prince is unable to keep his engagement, she proposes that McCord impersonate him and kidnap Valeria, the judge's daughter, and hold her for ransom. After much discussion the men agree to Loranda's plan.

A reception for the fake prince is in progress and all is going according to schedule when a reporter from the Tribune appears and tells the judge of the ruse. The judge listens to her story, then he quietly corners McCord and Loranda who admit their guilt. Loranda assumes the responsibility, explaining that she planned the crime, not expecting to go through with it but to bring Cash to a realization of the need of "going straight". Dorset believes the sincerity of their explanation and their love, puts them "on parole" to him, and allows them to go free to rebuild their lives.

As the real king passes by on his way to the airport to return home a king, his father having died, Judge Dorset watches the excitement with satisfaction. "Two kings, one of a kingdom and one of himself, and for one of them, I'm the man behind the throne, bless your heart!"

CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

The pageant portrays the night of the first Christmas, in Bethlehem. To the Inn come Joseph and Mary, who for lack of room and money, are turned away by the Innkeeper who none-the-less finds room for the Rabbi Jotham of Jerusalem. The Innkeeper's servant shelters Mary in the stables and carries news of the birth of the Messiah to his Master. Shepherds of the plains receive the Christmas angels and go to the Innkeeper to be shown their Child. The hastily awakened Rabbi Jotham refuses to believe in the stories of servant and shepherds but the Innkeeper and his wife find new understanding and open their hearts and their home and give the best they have to the King.

CAST

Innkeeper.	Buster Mullin
The servant	Laverne Walker
Innkeeper's wife	Beverly Phillips
Rabbi Jotham	Champlin Garrison
Shepherds of Bethlehem	Bob Korth
	Ray Blair
	Duane Hutchins
	Fred Herrin
Wise Men	Kenneth Ward
	Ray Budden
	Harry Frederick
Julius, a Roman Captain . .	Howard Wilson
Roman Patrol Leader	Jack Martin
Joseph	Jim Cornutt
Mary	Merl Kendall

The High School chorus sang Christmas songs before and during the pageant.

A LITTLE CLODHOPPER

The Junior Class presented their play, April 16, 1937, casting entirely from the Junior Class. Staff members were also picked completely from the Junior Class. The scenery and costumes were of early twentieth century style.

Judy is a Little Clodhopper from the poorhouse--a merry, trusting, innocent, mischievous little romp. Her father deserted her years before, but now is a rich man in a hospital in Texas. He writes to the scheming Mrs. Chiggerson-Boggs, who was the former matron of the poorhouse and asks her to locate his lost child. Mrs. Boggs, knowing that Judy is an heiress, determines to marry her to her son, George, a city dude.

The first act shows Miss Bean's boarding house in the country, where Judy is assisting in the kitchen. Mrs. Boggs arrives to take Judy to the city, but the child is wary and knows Mrs. Boggs to be a cruel woman and refuses to leave the country. A city actress, one Charmian Carter, is in love with George and she makes a hurried trip in her automobile at twenty miles an hour to find what Georgie and his mother are up to. She arrives and to her horror finds out that her Georgie is to marry the Little Clodhopper. Trusting in her power as an actress and her experience on the stage, she tries by a cruel trick to keep Judy from marrying Georgie. She puts the money George had in Judy's coat and the blame is laid on Judy. Septimus Green, the book agent, sticks up for Judy because, well--he's in love with her.

The scene shifts to the big city where Mrs. Boggs is trying to make Judy a lady. Mrs. Boggs tries to get Georgie to propose because she knows she must not lose any time. Neither George nor Judy care for each other. Septimus Green, who has been suspecting Mrs. Boggs, throws a bomb shell by letting her know he suspects her. Then Judy helps George get money to marry Charmian. When the truth comes out about Mrs. Boggs and her plot, Judy is sent out into the city alone. In the meantime, Mrs. Boggs receives a letter saying that Judy's father is coming to get his daughter. Mrs. Boggs, angry that her plan didn't succeed, determines to try again. She tries to pass off Charmian as Judy, and, when the old man tells her he hasn't any money, she tells him the truth about Charmian. Judy comes in at this time and the old man takes off a false beard and mustache and

appears as Septimus Green. He tells Judy that her father is waiting for her at the hotel. The whole thing turns out happily for everyone concerned.

C A S T

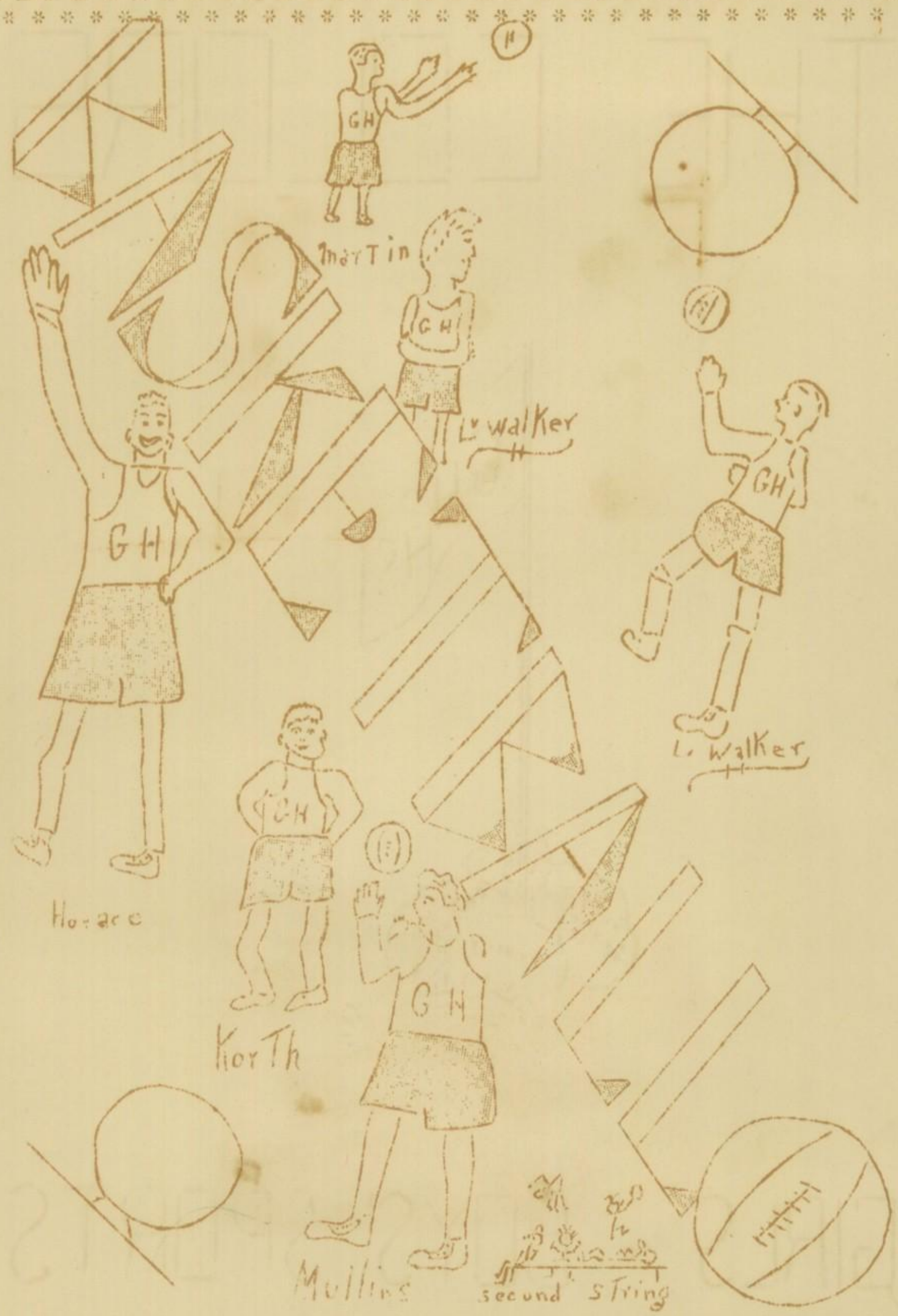
OCEY GUMP . . . . . .HARRY FREDERICK
JULIETTA BEAN . . . . . .HAZEL KENDALL
MRS. CHIGGERSON-BOGGS . . . . .ROSA DESIMINI
GEORGIE CHIGGERSON. . . . . LEONARD KELL
CHARMIAN CARTER . . . . . MERL KENDALL
SEPTIMUS GREEN. . . . . LAVERNE WALKER
JUDY ELLIOTT. . . . . .MILDRED SMITH

S T A F F

Stage Manager . . . . . .Bob Korth
Stage Assistants. . . . . Kenneth Ward
Raymond Budden
Electrician . . . . . Dale Clement
Property Mistress . . . . . Maxine Holifield
Wardrobe Mistresses . . . . .Patricia Reames
Evelyn Martin
Business Manager. . . . . Laverne Walker
Assistant Business Manager. . . Sylvia Croft
Ticket Sale Manager . . . . . .Howard Wilson
Prompter. . . . . Phyllis Miller

THE COLORS

GIRLS' AND BOYS' SPORTS


GH
Martin
L. Walker
GH
GH
L. Walker
Horace
GH
Korth
GH
Mullins
second String

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Gold Hill Beavers playing their first game of the thirty-six season were defeated in the last half rally by Ashland Jr. High 24-20.

Prospect came a visitin'
They didn't stay for long. score----20-26
Gold Hill was a hittin'
And singing their victory song.

Playing their second game against Ashland Jr. High, Gold Hill gained sweet revenge to the tune of a 51-18 win.

Playing a practice game with Grants Pass, Gold Hill suffered one of those dire misfortunes which, it seems, always happens to an up and coming team. Jack Martin, regular forward, suffered a fractured arm. The game was a tie 15-15.

Eagle Point has a snappy team
As snappy as can be. score----15-17
Gold Hill hit almost every beam
While Eagle Point hit the basket.

went to Sams Valley to beat them 22-19. In a return game we beat them 28-19.

Gold Hill went to Medford
They were out to win score----30-28
But they were overconfident
Which didn't help a bit

Opening the conference the Gold Hill team was defeated 12-18 by a fast Central Point team.

Gold Hill went to Talent
For the second Conference game score----25-15
But Talent was too gallent
Which made us look too tame.

YOU OUGHT TO HAVE SEEN US BEAT THE CCC'S. O'BOY
score----15-56

A strong Phonix team came to Gold Hill and had very little trouble downing the local lads 23-11.

Playing a return game. Medford Jr High defeated Gold Hill 24-18, but only after two overtime periods.

Central Point thinks its good
Like those handsome towners score----25-15
We didn't beat them like we should
For they had the O'Connors.

Playing Jacksonville for the first time Gold Hill won their first conference game 19-17 in a very close game.

In one of those very rough games, which usually leaves one side or the other very angry, Talent High beat Gold Hill 25-23.

Gold Hill wanted third place
To stay up in the race, score----21-17
So they journeyed over to Phonix
But Phonix took them to the cleaners.

Closing a very unsuccessful basketball season Gold Hill was defeated by Jacksonville 15-14 putting them into the cellar position.

Playing for the cellar position championship of the county Gold Hill defeated Prospect 31-19.

Playing the games of their lives, Gold Hill came out fourth in the President's division in the SONS tournament.

The scores were:

Gold Hill 36.....Prospect 21
Gold Hill 20.....Riverton 19
Gold Hill 21.....Henley 22 (overtime)
Gold Hill 16.....Coos River 20 (overtime)

Next year when Gold Hill comes onto the court they will be without the brilliant performances of Leo Walker, Horace Wilson, Kendal Dufur and Raymond Blair. Although we will miss them we are going to win the county championship regardless.

The following is a list of the players and their positions, with the number of points made during the year:

PLAYER	POSITION	POINTS MADE	AVERAGE POINTS
Leo Walker	Forward	161	8.40
Jack Martin	Forward	10	5.00
Bob Korth	Forward	67	4.47
Lyle Thompson	Guard	6	3.00
Horace Wilson	Center	51	2.55
Howard Wilson	Center	8	.80
Laverne Walker	Guard	59	3.29
Buster Mullin	Guard	37	2.47
Dale Clement	Forward	15	2.41
Gilbert Lentz	Guard	9	2.00
Harry Frederick	Forward	25	3.57
Don Dungey	Forward	1	1.00
Ray Blair	Center	14	2.00
Duane Hutchins	Forward	3	.33
Kenny Ward	Guard	7	1.00
Kendal Dufur	Guard	25	3.57
Everett Young	Forward	3	.33

Dungey
Mullin
LV
Walker
Wilson
Korth
Dufer
Martin
Leonhaver
Lentz
Ward
Blair
Second String

BASEBALL

We, the Gold Hill High School baseball team, started out with very high hopes, hopes which have gradually lowered themselves until we now have only faint hopes of ending up any place except last.

The following are the games with the scores:

April 2	Gold Hill	8	20	J-Ville
April 6	Gold Hill	28	10	St. Marys
April 9	Gold Hill	1	4	Grants Pass
April 13	Gold Hill	5	1	Phoenix
April 16	Gold Hill	4	5	Talent
April 20	Gold Hill	33	27	Eagle Point
April 23	Gold Hill	4	15	Central Point
April 27	Gold Hill	8	28	J-Ville
May 5	Gold Hill	8	7	Grants Pass

The team included the following players:

Leo Walker	Pitcher
Laverne Walker	Field
Mullin	Catcher
Korth	Pitcher
Ward	First Base
Lentz	First Base
Martin	Second Base
Dufur	Shortstop
Cornutt	Third Base
Wilson	Field
Dungey	Field
Hutchins	Field
Blair	Pitcher
Frederick	Field
Wolff	Field
Young	Field
Herrin	Field

GIRLS' SPORTS

There have been several changes in the girls' physical education class this year. We have physical education three days a week--Monday, Tuesday and Thursday--instead of five. The change was made to give the band more time.

On Mondays the girls have a class in health. In previous years First Aid was taught to the Freshmen girls by the health nurse on Mondays. This year Miss Paulsen teaches health to all the physical education girls.

The point system for the girls has undergone a change, too. The girls will be given points based on the achievements in the different sports. The points will be given according to their ability based on the girls' height, weight and age. The highest number of points possible to earn in any one event of the sports is 100 points per year. The points may accumulate from year to year.

This being the first year of the new point system, it is understood that it is only a trial.

Points may be earned in the following ways.

1. Attendance--one point for each day that you attend and take part.

2. Regular showers, clean suits and towels.

3. Physical examinations. A physical examination is given each spring and if improvement is shown 100 points are awarded.

4. Health class.

5. Posture Improvement.

6. Horse shoe games played--one point for each game played.

7. Tournament--5 points for each game played in the tournament--25 extra points for the winner, 15 extra points for the runner-up.

8. Tennis. Each set played--2 points are awarded.

9. Tournament--same as horse shoes.

10. Ping Pong. Tournament--same as horse shoes.

<u>Baseball</u>

11. Throw for distance.

12. Base running.

13. Baseball throw for accuracy.

<u>Volley Ball</u>

14. Serving test.

15. Returning test.

<u>Basket Ball</u>

16. Speed in throwing and catching.

17. Speed in basket ball shooting.

18. Accuracy in foul shooting.

19. Basket ball throw for distance.

Speed Ball

20. Dribble.

21. Place kick for accuracy.

22. Kick for distance.

23. Throw-in for distance.

Track

24. 40 yard sprint.

25. 50 yard sprint.

26. 60 yard sprint.

27. Standing broad hop.

28. Standing broad step.

29. Standing leap and jump.

30. Standing three hops.

31. Standing broad jump.

32. Running hop step and jump.

33. Running high jump.

34. Hobble race.

35. Jump and reach.

36. Potato race.

Hiking

37. 1 point for each mile hiked. Minimum length of any one hike 3 miles.

The Girls' Physical Education Class formed a Girls' Athletic Association this year. Their main activity has

been earning money to buy new suits. The officers of the association are: President, Merl Kendall, Vice President, Sybil Walker, Secretary, Mildred Smith, and Treasurer, Eileen Shorb.

The girls have made about thirty dollars by selling candy, pop corn, and peanuts at the basketball games.

WHY I LIKE VOLLEY BALL

At the dawning of a new day, an eagerness to put on my gym suit and play volleyball urges me on to school. It creates a new, refreshed interest in my school work. When the clock says eleven my mind is relieved of studies for I have something very different to work toward and to the best of my ability.

One does not have to be "the cream of the crop" to play volleyball and really enjoy the game. First of all volleyball is not a strenuous sport and doesn't require constant running about but you do have certain positions to play. Second, it is not a complicated game but never lacking in interest to the players or the spectators. One minute everyone is tense and excitement fills the air; then something quite funny happens and the game proves very amusing and full of laughs.

There is one goal ahead for which to strive and that is to get the ball over the net to the other side. I must put forth my greatest and best effort to win for the results of the games depend upon me as much as my fellow players.

Always when playing any sport, certain rules are made that should be abided by all participating in the fun. Volleyball teaches the usefulness of obedience to rules and this helps in later life. Cooperation among the players is one of the greatest things that volleyball demands of each person. You cannot play just for self gain but you are one of the tools that assists in the success of the game.

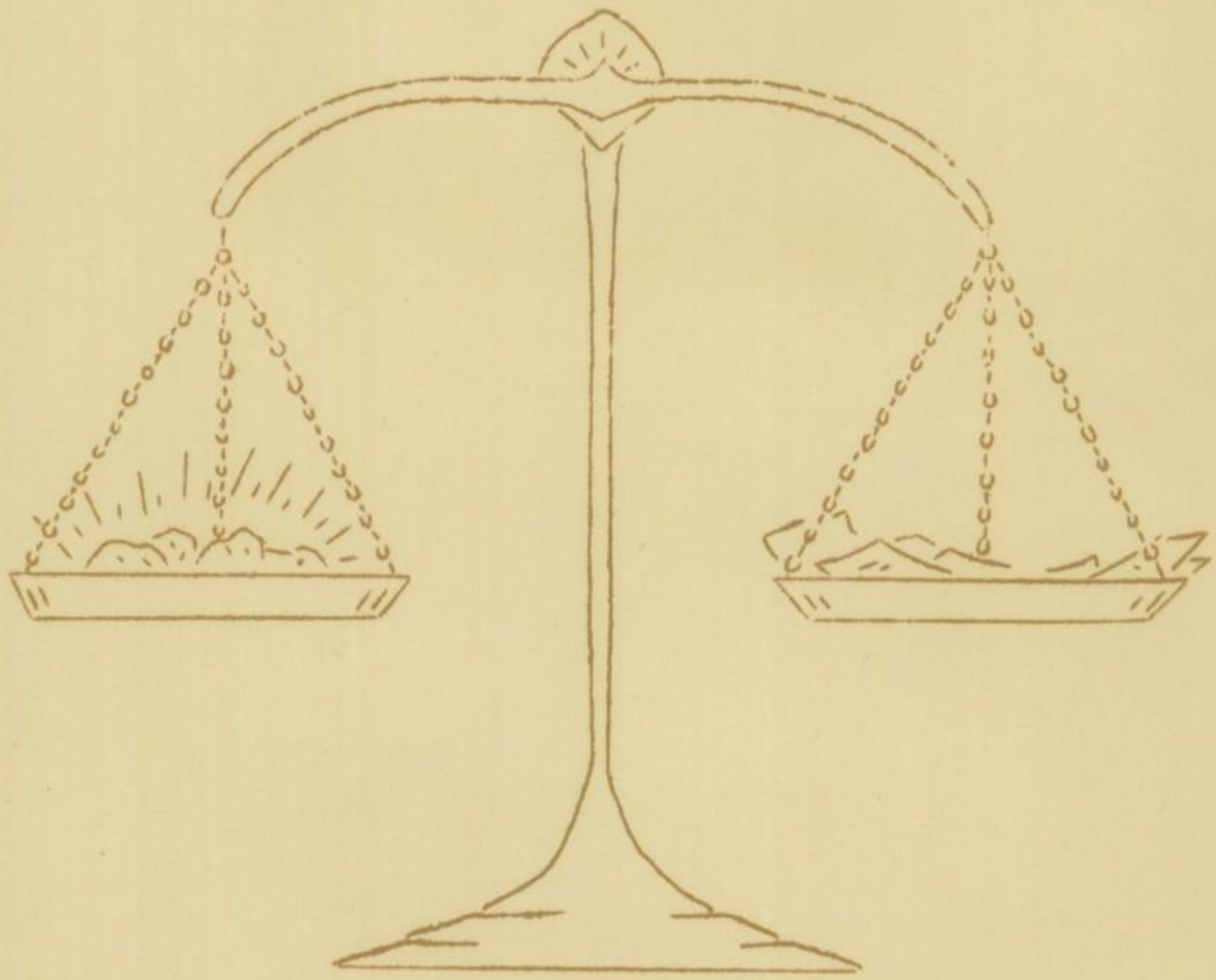
Many times other players will be given the credit for winning a point that you believe should be given you.

Good volleyball players are taught sportsmanship, and no matter who wins the point, they work just as hard until the end of the game.

--Phyllis Miller '38

Each day you guys play worse,
but today you're playing like tomorrow.

THE PICK OF THE LITERARY



NUGGETS

A LIVE PICTURE

As I was sitting in the study hall trying to concentrate on the subject before me, it seemed as though some great power hovered over me causing a feeling of uneasiness and restlessness.

Slowly my mind began to wander and I was under a magical spell. I closed the book upon my desk and turned to find the great picture of Washington gazing steadily at me and beckoning me nearer. I arose and as though drawn by a magnet I slowly approached the picture.

Suddenly I noticed a faint flicker of one of his eyelids and almost instantly a teasing sparkle lit up his blue eyes. The frame of the picture vanished and the blank wall took the shape of the rest of his body.

He wore black knee pants and long silk stockings. On his feet were slippers with a huge silver buckle on each. I stepped back with astonishment and a smile broke out upon the determined looking face. A very pleasant voice spoke and Washington stepped lightly from the wall before me.

"I pray thee, little Miss, do not be frightened. It is so lonely upon the wall that I thought I would talk to you."

After a moment's hesitation I spoke. "Mr. Washington, this is really quite a surprise and, indeed, a great pleasure."

"Please, don't call me Mr. Washington; just call me George and I'll feel more at home." He then laughed heartily and I couldn't help but join in with him.

George seated himself opposite me and a serious look came over his face. "For three years I have been hanging on a wall watching all types of children and teachers pass by me. Once in a while I am given an occassional glance but not very often. You are the first one I have been able to talk with. I often wish I were going in and out the school house doors with the crowd and joining in the fun; instead I hang framed gazing at everyone and not ever smiling. I would like it very much if every pupil would stop by me and say a few words or give me a friendly pat on the shoulder. They study of me in history but I would like it much more if they would all think of me as still living and walking right along beside them."

Tears came to my eyes as I realized the neglect I had given him. Many times I had passed by without looking up and smiling at him.

"George, I'm going to tell all of my schoolmates about our conversation, and I'm sure they will all make you feel more at home instead of just a picture on the wall."

I started to say more but he had risen and a mist was encircling around him.

"Please don't leave so soon. I want to talk some more."

"It is time I must go now, but I hope you will remember all I have said."

His eyes lost their twinkle and the smiling mouth became almost a straight line. As the mist cleared away the picture of Washington was lifeless on the wall.

Whenever the day grows dreary and the world looks cold, I'll just turn around and look up at George with a smile to drive the blues away.

--Phyllis Miller, '38

A BUS RIDE TO SCHOOL

The roar of the school bus's engine is sweet music as it comes down the hill toward me. It brings to mind not a monotonous day, but one of happy companionship with my fellow students.

When I enter the bus, the driver greets me with a cheery "Good Morning" which I return as I look down the aisles for a place to sit. After asking a number of students to move down, I am well content to step on a few people's feet and sit in the far corner of the bus.

I place my books in a middle seat, then look up to see everyone smiling as some one calls, "Hey, you, how's the weather back there?"

The reply is, "Just fine, I wanted to sit here anyway."

Then I notice the different conversations. In one section of the group the topic is the weather. The general idea is the hope that it will snow enough to stop school. In another group the discussion concerns a test which is to be given that day. What's this? A small boy is rotating his arms as he says "chug achug achug." Oh, now I know, he is imitating a train which just passed.

The driver suddenly calls some one's name, and, on looking about me, I see two students scuffling over a puzzle. They immediately stop and look at each other as their faces flush. A few students, having forgotten a similar correction, look at the guilty couple and giggle, while others pay no attention to them.

A rut, which the driver can not miss, brings forth a sudden outcry from the students who sit in the back of the bus; however, the excitement is soon over and the conversations again fill the air with a monotonous buzz.

A sharp turn brings my attention to the fact that we are within a few blocks of school; so, in

order to take a last glance at the lesson, I quickly flip the pages of my book. Just as I find the page, the bus stops, the door opens, and I hurriedly get out to begin my day's work.

--Freida Young, '37

A DESCRIPTION

Old man Andrew sat on the trunk of a tree, wearily whittling on a stick. Wrinkles were on his face and a crippled condition of his hands showed he had seen many a hard working day in his life. A bright sun shown down on his white hair as a stray breeze passed by. His clean white shirt was quite threadbare and his brown trousers showed much wear. Hesitating every once in awhile to give a long sigh, he would then lapse into deep thought.

At a distance a middle-aged woman came across the field toward the old man. As she neared you could notice she was quite gray and was beginning to show age. She walked up to the old man and put her hand on his shoulder. "Why, Uncle Andrew, what's wrong?" He only looked up at her as though he didn't see her, then lapsed back into deep thought. The woman went away to the house with a rather understanding yet a worried look on her face.

After awhile old man Andrew went slowly to the house where he found his wife and told her that he had been thinking about the neighbors putting a new violinist in the orchestra in which he had always fiddled. He said, "Maybe it was the best thing, after all, that he was getting pretty old and crippled up. He reckoned that the young folks needed the change and he had been fiddler for a long time." Then he went on to get ready for supper very merry and pleased with everything.

--Ruth Lance, '40

THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY

Along with the clanking and banging of street cars and the honking of automobile horns, we find ourselves on Market Street in the large city of San Francisco. We are in the midst of a crowd made up of people of all ages and sizes, waiting for the light to change so that we may continue our journey down the busy street.

Moving along with the crowd we pass various types of stores, ranging all the way from pet shops to jewelry stores. The crowd seems to be moving toward the center of the city. Just for the exercise let's follow them and see where they are going.

At last we reach our destination. We find ourselves in a large park surrounded by tall and stately looking hotels. The park has beautiful flower beds and shrubs along the wide paths leading through it. In the center of the park is a large fountain and a wading pool for the children.

After a weary day in town we return home to eat dinner. Dinner being finished we sit around listening to the radio until time to go to bed. As we fall asleep to the rhythm of the street cars clanking down the tracks, we dream of a free country life.

Strolling down a little country lane we pass a small white house with green shutters. The house is so peaceful that we pause in our stroll to gaze at its beauty.

In front of the house is a small yard surrounded by a white picket fence. The roses and other flowers are well arranged in the small yard. Over the gate is a trellis covered with honeysuckle, while another trellis of climbing rose grows over the front door. It is like a city park except that it is so quiet it is almost ghost like.

In back of the house is a large garden with rows of lettuce, carrots, radishes, and beets. In another part of the garden are many kinds of berries such as raspberries, strawberries, and many others.

Leaving this wonderful picture behind, we go a little farther down the lane and come upon a small path that leads to a very restful looking hill. We take the path and follow it to a place where the grass is green and soft. Here we stop to rest, to lie down under a large tree and gaze out at the blue sky. Up in the tree the birds are singing and building their nests. How restful it is to lie on your back under a tree and watch the white clouds roll lazily across the sky, to watch the birds in the trees and the cows in the rolling meadows.

As the sun is slowly sinking into the west a loud ringing noise greets our ears. We have been sleeping and it has all been a dream. A very beautiful dream.

--Dorothea Duncan, '40

A TYPICAL FRESHMAN

She skipped up the stairs with a group of giggling Freshman girls. It was the first day of school, and they were going to high school, for they were grown up now. They tripped gaily into the study hall grinning "sillily", but they soon stopped.

"My", thought Sally, "Who are those snobby looking people over there, and those crabby things up in front?" Just then she stumbled over a Sophmore's foot, and almost fell. She blushed furiously, those snobs actually cracked a smile or two, and those crabs had to twist their faces around to keep from laughing.

"Oh dear", she patted her hair, "I wonder who that good-looking boy is over there--and has he got pretty eyes!"

They were assigned seats and registered. Then they went home. "Gee," said Sally, "I can hardly wait until tomorrow."

--Dorothy Ham, '40

PERSONALITY IN A HANDSHAKE

Hurry up, Sam! We'll have to step on it if we're to get home at twelve. Don't forget your coat. It's in the chair near the fireplace. Did you find it? O.K. Oops! Look out pal! Don't slam that door too hard or it will depart from the wires that are holding it on the car. Would you mind cranking it for me? Lately, this Lizzy has had to be persuaded to run. Oh, excuse me. I guess it would run a little better if I turned on the key. Hurrah! We're off!

Oh, Sam, maybe I shouldn't say this but Cynthia's fiance didn't appeal to me at all. Why? Say, did you shake hands with that buzzard? I've still chills running up and down my spine from the feel of his hand. Gee, when Cynthia introduced him to me I stuck out my hand and expected to get it shaken. He didn't even meet me half-way. He drew his hand from his pocket and kind of let it dangle in mid-air in front of him. Naturally I reached over and attempted to shake it, but it was like grabbing a jelly fish. I applied pressure but his hand still was as limp as a rag.

When I shake hands with a man or woman, I like them to grip my hand like they were really glad to meet me. I can see much more in a person who knows how to shake hands and has a firm grip. He appears to me as one who carefully balances and weighs his ideas. He is a man who can make up his own mind and not go around "undecided" about everything. Of course there are some people who go to extremes and grip your hand like a life line, causing a great deal of pain. Right then and there I picture that person as one who is inclined to be overbearing and is always minding everyone's business except his own.

Sam, what are you laughing about? Good heavens, you are right. I was so interested in my little lecture that I've gone beyond our house. Just a minute. I'll turn this "crate" around and we'll really go home. Shucks, it stopped running. OH, oh-a, Sam, would you mind cranking it for me?

You know, Sam, you're a "swell" pal and when it comes to shaking hands with this "flivver", you certainly know your onions!

--Phyllis Miller, '38

NIGHT

Along the sandy stretch of shore
The nodding willows sway,
The dark green pines are resting now
From the weary warmth of day;

The waters of the deep blue lake
At noon shone in the sun,
But now above them tenderly
The stars come one by one.

The night wind, sighing soft and low
Comes skipping through the trees
And dances to and fro across
The lake like some young breeze.

The night birds call from afar
Among the hills at night,
While shadows stir uneasily
Beneath the moonlight bright.

A group of angels from the heavens,
Robed in purest white,
Come forth to see the beauties of
The silent world at night.

A calm and restful peace prevails
Possessing all the world,
Until from dawn's abiding place
A sun shaft bright was hurled.

--Rosa Desimini, '38

MY EARLIEST FAVORITE STORIES

Among my favorite stories when I was very young were "The Three Bears," "The Little Red Hen," "Red Riding Hood" and "The Three Little Pigs". Concerning the first, I always felt sorry for the little baby bear and was rather ashamed of Goldilocks for breaking into the pretty little house and spoiling things so. When the bears woke her up and she jumped out of the upstairs window, I wondered why she didn't get hurt. I settled that in my mind by thinking that the ground probably did sting her feet and she probably fell and skinned her knees, but she would be so frightened she would jump up and run on into the woods instead of sitting down and crying as she would ordinarily.

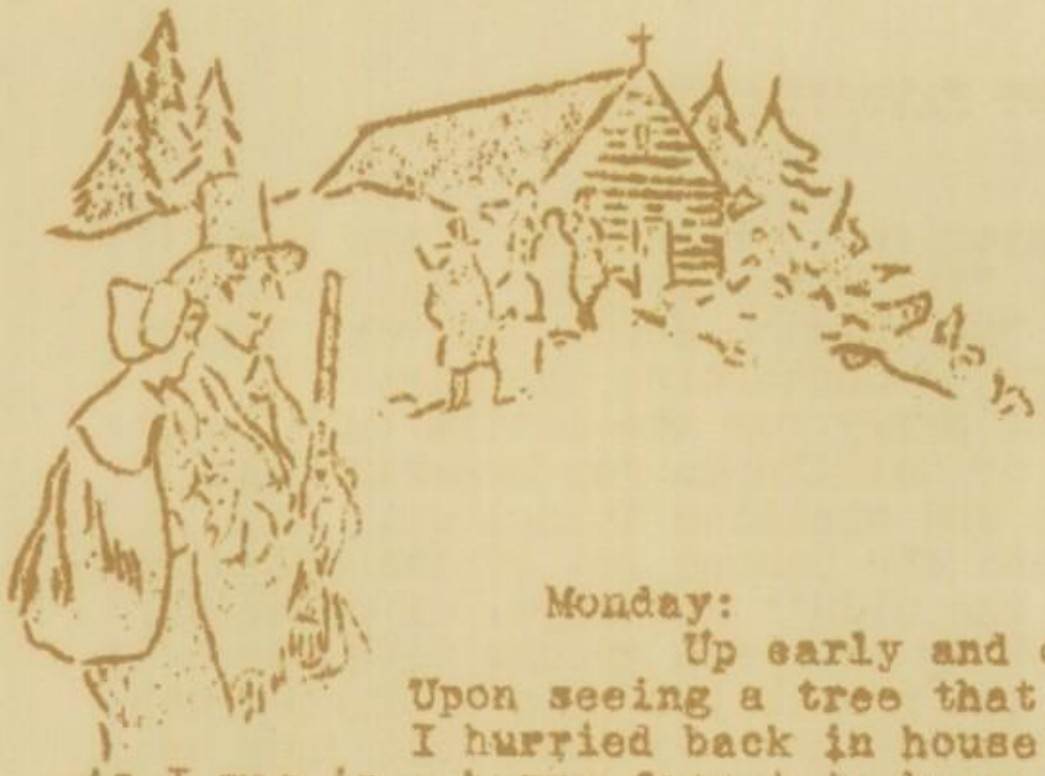
I always thought the Little Red Hen was a wise and industrious person--she still seems more like a human being than a fowl--and I disliked the lazy dog, pig, and cat. I realized that people must not be like them or they will be disliked and have to go hungry, too.

Of the several versions of "Little Red Riding Hood," I liked the one best which had the grandmother away from home and not eaten by the wolf.

The story of the "Three Little Pigs" seemed to me then much as an epic does now; there were so many adventures in it. I hated to have the wolf eat the first two fat little pigs with their chinny-chin-chin talk, though, so I changed the story in my mind and had them jump out of the window and run away to live with their brother in the brick house.

Recently I read somewhere that children take their fairy tales and other stories as having actually happened. I didn't think that could be true because they would know that there are no such things as wishing rings and animals that can talk; but I realized as I was writing about my favorite stories that part of what that writer said is true. Children live with their Little Red Hen and Three Little Pigs and Half-Chick so many years that they seem like real little people and are unconsciously taken for granted as such.

--Frances Reames, '37



A SKETCH

FROM

THE DIARY OF A PILGRIM

Monday:

Up early and outside to take exercise. Upon seeing a tree that looked like an Indian, I hurried back in house and got my muzzle loader. As I was in a hurry forgot to brace myself and upon shooting was knocked down by reaction of gun. Got up and went hastily back in the house singing "God Save the King". As I neared house saw everyone coming with guns thinking the Indians were attacking.

Tuesday:

Decided to not exercise today but to go forth and get some meat for family. Ventured forth into woods and upon seeing a bear decided to hunt the next day.

Wednesday:

All of the members of our party went into the woods for the purpose of securing logs to make a fort and a few better cabins. After arriving home spent rest of day putting up portion of fort and was very sleepy so went to bed early.

Thursday:

Nothing out of the ordinary happened. Shot three Indians and in afternoon went out and got half a dozen turkeys for meat.

Friday:

Decided to try to find out how fishing was. I went to a sheltered spot where it would be hard to be seen by Indians. In about an hour I had caught several fish. When I decided to go home I saw a varmint just swimming across the stream with the fish I had hanging in the stream. And so home to see what my dear wife had for dinner.

Saturday:

Spent another day fixing fort and getting some corn and dried venison from friendly Indians for Sunday dinner.

Sunday:

Arose early and went to church. Listened for three hours to sermon, sang a few songs and went home to enjoy meal which I had been thinking about all morning in church.

----Horace Wilson, '37

QUANDARY

What a predicament! I'm invariably getting into predicaments. Only fifteen minutes left in which to write some sort of composition. Oh! what shall I write. I've been giving the troublesome matter much diligent thought for the last twenty-four hours. When I prepared myself for a trip to the land of Nod last evening, I hit upon the brilliant idea of sleeping upon the matter Cicero, the neighbor's feline pet, clambered upon the high-board fence opposite my boudoir window and gave voice to a nocturnal session of pre-Christmas-tide caroling thereby scattering to the winds any pre-conceived idea I may have entertained.

Dear me, what will the teacher say. Still five minutes until classtime and an idea for a composition is persistantly eluding me.

--Jim Cornutt, '37

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

When the sun goes down nature is changed into a magnificent panorama for the nature lover who ventures out into the great unknown of the western wilderness. To the westward you can look and see the sinking sun diminishing behind the tall, lofty, purple mountains. Rushing, roaring, gurgling, and talking to itself, may be seen a little stream, with trout lifting their sharp, pointed mouths towards the surface, where the insects are floating.

Where the stream levels off there is a beautiful, sparkling, clear, lake where the animals may come and drink or bathe in its limpid depths.

As twilight creeps over the country the wild animals come to life and begin to move about. The wary little hare comes out of his selected bramble bush and begins to hunt for the fresh young sprouts, which are so appetizing to his palate.

Coming down the trail with each dainty hoof placed carefully, comes the swiftest and fleetest of all western wild life, the deer. He is searching for his favorite swamp-grass, which grows near the lake and is very tender.

As twilight deepens and the world grows darker, only the clouds are lit up by its sun. They have a golden fleecy, color which adds to their beauty and retains their majestic standing in the sky.

When the twilight fades and darkness creeps over the world, there is a hush which drops like a spell over every living thing. Then the moon in all of its glory peeps over the mountains and bathes the world with its ethereal radiance.

--Gilbert Lentz, '39

SNOWBIRDS IN ICELAND

It was early dawn and a frosty light had gradually diffused itself through the pale misty sky. A sense of magic was in the still air and the plump little snowbirds looked around at their world with bright expectancy. What they saw were wooded hills, the lower parts of which were black but on the upper half nestled cold, fluffy, white fog, motionless, yet seeming to know what wonders it covered.

Presently this cloud stirred slightly and all the round little eyes grew more anticipative than ever. The fog seemed to be a veil in the hand of an invisible magician who knew his art well, for after suspense had been built up the veil was suddenly raised and drawn aside. The downy breasts of the little birds expanded in a deep breath of awe. Then an excited twittering and fluttering broke out and the entire group flew away to see more closely what had been revealed.

The pines and hills had all been transformed into a fairyland of sparkling palaces of ice. Tall spires and minarets of intricate design rose everywhere from among glassy domes and networks of tiny icicles criss-crossing from twig to twig. On the very top of the highest hill a group of pines formed a silvery cathedral fretted with exquisite carvings in ice.

As morning advanced, the long cold spell was broken and a few rays of sun pierced the high gray mist to touch the hill-top. Instantly the cathedral and all the rest of the city changed from crystal to diamonds. Prism-lights of many brilliant colors sparkled and burned. Here and there a quivering branch set tiny rainbows to dancing into the shadows so that even the dingiest leaves had beauty for a fleeting moment.

The snowbirds flitted everywhere, their tinkling voices in harmony with the cold brittleness of the ice. Never in their lives had they seen anything so beautiful, so they wanted to see it all, from the bleached grass, lacy with frost, to the highest silvery tuft of pine needles.

The sun kept shining, though, so presently the ice began to blur and the daintiest filigree disappeared. Unseen angels from the cathedral wept tears of sorrow that dripped all through the woods. The peep of the

snowbirds took on a wistful tone as they searched out the coldest places only to find that the melting touch of the sun had been there, too. At last they could bear it no longer, and, rising, flew away. As they went they took a last look back and saw a warm mist slowly enveloping the mournful scene.

--Frances Reames, '37

MY BROOK

Gliding down o'er the rocks, little brook,
Singing a happy song,
Singing all the day long,
Singing--to me.

When twilight shadows fall, little brook,
Your song grows weary,
The world is then dreary,
Dreary--for me.

When I am all alone, little brook,
There's solace with you;
One friend that is true,
Faithful--to me.

And when we have to part; little brook,
You'll keep on splashing;
And forever keep dashing,
Dashing--to me.

--Delores Drennen, '37

THOUGHTS THAT ARISE IN ME

I often wonder why people can't mind their own business and let other's alone. Have you ever tried to fix a flower garden, rearrange your furniture or do any other small job about the place? If not just try it sometime. See how many people try to tell you how to do it or help you do it. I don't mind that as much as the people who just talk to others about your mistakes and faults.

Have you ever been in a crowd and not heard some one say something about someone else? No! People are always talking about others and especially girls. At least that's how it seems to me. Of course it would. Just how often is that remark a compliment about the person? Not very often. Usually they are such remarks as "There is Dorothy Day. She is the toughest girl in town." or "There is Nevada. She is getting to be a fast one." or some other remark which will soon ruin her reputation. "Oh, well." I sigh, "The world is a long ways from being perfect but I must get back to my school work."

Why do teachers give such assignments? It seems that all I do is study and do school work. Twenty brief forms to learn for shorthand, a test to prepare for History, and a theme to write for English. Will I ever get it all done?

I might be able to write this theme if there weren't so much talking. Why are sisters so noisy? They always talk when I am trying to study. Gosh, someone has started a radio going full blast. I'll never be able to think now. Well, I'll go for a walk and wait till there is less noise to do this.

Now where is my coat? Well, of all the nerve, there goes Ruth and wearing my coat and that's Evelyn with her with my jacket on. Where is my sweater? Oh, yes, Bertha took it with her. Why can't they wear their own clothes? The radio has been turned off, so I'll do my studying instead of going for a walk.

--Catherine King, '37

METHODS OF CELEBRATING THE FOURTH OF JULY
(As Viewed by the Hawkins Family)

The Hawkins family, which consisted of Father, Mother, Willard, and Jane, lived in the suburbs of the thrifty little city of Greenville. Though not wealthy, they owned their cozy home and were very prosperous. Who could be more interested than this family in the celebration of an exciting holiday, the Fourth of July?

Mr. Hawkins, a skilled laborer, was a very patriotic citizen who wished the entire family to attend the celebration which was to be held in the city of Greenville. His intentions were good; but, to his surprise, the family had made variors plans.

The one opinion which had great influence on the household was that of Mother Hawkins, who wished every one to enjoy the "Fourth." She believed a rest from the city hubbub would benefit the entire family, so suggested a picnic lunch in the woods. Knowing Hawkins, as only she did, convinced her that by submitting to this plan, he would avoid the "happy" after feeling of a celebration. Then, too, small daughter Jane would be safer and cause less worry.

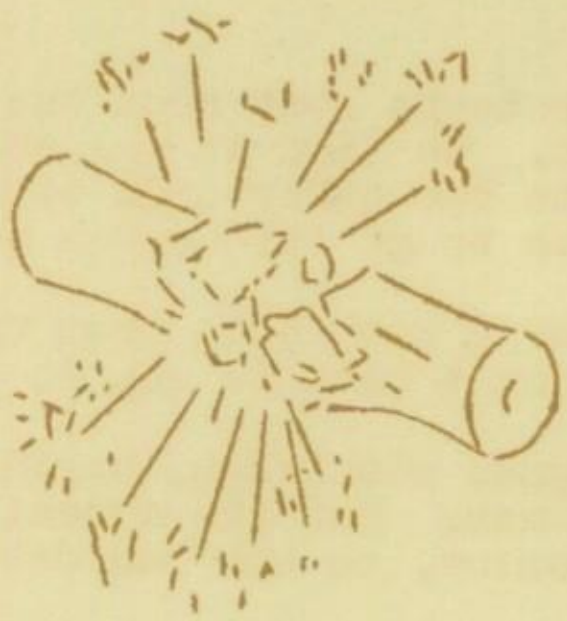
Willard, the son, who was nearly eighteen, was by no means quiet during the discussion of this matter, for he too had made important plans. Oh, no, not with cousin John, or Jim, his school pal, but with the sweetest girl in the world, Lillian. He not only informed the family that he owned a car and was old enough to take care of himself, but also declared it would be silly for him to tag them on the Fourth of July. He planned to take Lillian to the boat races at Silver Lake.

Jane's ideas were varied, as are most eight year old children's. Her interest in fireworks was displayed, much to the regret of the neighbors. My, what a host of great ideas were concealed beneath her curls. Her first choice of celebration was to go with Willard to the lake, but constant pleading proved fruitless. Try, hard as she did, he would not consent, and large tears were soon rolling down her cheeks. To convince Willard that a little sister was important, Jane presented the plan to run away; but, when he replied that nothing would give him more

pleasure, Jane fairly raged and was quieted only by her mother's reasoning.

A satisfactory agreement seemed impossible; but, through the efforts of Mother, a happy medium was reached. Father, Mother, and Jane spent an enjoyable day in the woods, after which they went to town and saw the fireworks. Jane later admitted she had a good time, and Willard looked his nicest that fine morning when he stepped into his car, which conveyed him and Lillian to Silver Lake. The Hawkins family was a tired but happy group on the morning of July fifth.

--Frieda Young, '37



INDIANS!

In 1853 the spot where the town of Gold Hill is now situated was just a large Indian camping ground. The only white people were a few homesteaders, the soldiers at Fort Birdseye, and the prospectors and trappers roaming the hills. The Indians had for some time been growing more and more sullen so the whites had to be very cautious or they might start the redskins on the warpath.

This was the delicate situation when four men, Judge Gall and his brother Scott with William Runnels and William Ewing, started on a prospecting trip up Sardine Creek. It was risky but profitable for in those

days each prospector got as much as an ounce of gold a day there.

For about a week things went smoothly, though the men knew they were being watched. Then one day as they were preparing their noon meal, Scott Gall said suddenly, "Look! There goes one of them redskin's wolfhounds," and being of the heedless type which acts first and thinks afterward, he quickly drew his gun and fired, killing the dog.

Judge Gall turned on his brother with an angry growl. "You idiot! Now look what you've done! That Indian up there on the ridge saw you do that, and now we'll have to get out of here or have them on top of us. Just when the gold was getting good, too!" he ended disgustedly.

A series of protests rose from the other men but the Judge was persistent. He said it was absolutely necessary that Scott go back to the other side of the river, and he himself would have to go for he was Scott's brother.

Runnels and Ewing took hope from this and both said at once, "Then we don't have to go, do we."

Judge Gall argued with them, saying they would be foolish if they did not. But the appeal of the gold was too strong to resist, so the men determined to stay.

The Judge and Scott rolled up their packs and headed down to the fort with eyes alert and guns ready.

The other two men stayed that night and began work as usual the next morning. They were uneasy, however, so when around ten o'clock they happened to look up and see some angry Indians approaching, they were startled, and stepped closer to their rifles. But they did not have to defend their scalps. For, though the Indians were angry, they were not ready to fight. The leader merely scowled, pointed stiffly down the creek, and said, "White man bad. Him kill Indian dog. Go now, get off Indian land." Then he and his followers withdrew a little distance and watched with stony glances as the white men threw their belongings into packs and hiked hastily down the trail with rifles in hand and many uneasy backward glances.

Soon after that the bloody Indian War's began.

--Frances Reames, '37

THE TOURNAMENT

Last night one of my wishes came true when I got to go to the tournament. Ruth and I went in the back of a one-seated car without a rumble seat. Although we were going fast, it seemed twice as fast as riding in the front seat. We thought it would be cold but it was nice and warm.

When we reached the Ashland gymnasium we began to get scared because we did not know what door to go in. But we finally got inside and a man told us where there were some seats. The gymnasium was so big (it had two floors) and so crowded that I walked right past my brother and didn't see him.

It was very hard to watch the game because there were so many whistles blowing and so much scrambling on the floor. We sat right in back of one of the baskets and every two minutes one of the players would land in our laps or the basket ball would hit us. Once I was looking over in the opposite court when the basket ball bounced off my head. It scared me and when I saw the people laughing, it made my face turn red.

By the time that Gold Hill started to play I was just about ready to go to sleep. But I surely was wide awake after the game started because it was so exciting. At the end of the first half we were about two baskets ahead and eager to add to our lead. During the second half, Riverton kept only one basket behind. There were quite a few fouls called on Riverton at the very last of the game. I held my breath as Gold Hill took their free shots. If they hadn't made those baskets we would have lost the game. The game ended with a score of 19 to 20 in Gold Hill's favor.

I was so happy and so sleepy coming home that I didn't even feel the bumps in the car!

--Jill Martin '40

HOW TO PLAN AND MAKE A DRESS

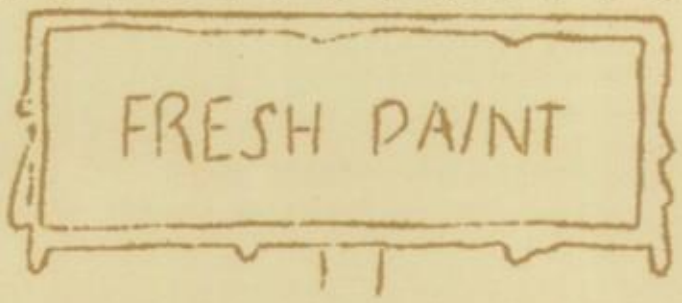
To me, sewing has always been a great help and the ability to make my own dresses even greater. However, to accomplish this task, I had to use my skill and good judgment to the utmost. I also had to learn to be patient and not to hurry through a task of this sort too rapidly.

I start my dress in my mind by first deciding what kind of dress I am going to make--school, street, sport, etc.,--and what kind of material I shall use. I always try to be careful when I choose my material to choose something suitable for the type of dress I am planning. Then I choose my pattern, one which I think would look well on me and which is also up with the season.

When I have decided upon these things, the actual fun begins. I start by laying my pattern on the material. I am always sure to lay every piece accurately and pin it securely on the material before beginning to cut. This is done so I will be sure I have enough material and that I have laid every piece correctly. When I am sure of this, I begin cutting. I cut slowly and try not to forget any of the marks and notches as these are very important in assembling the pieces later. After I have the material all cut, I begin assembling the pieces by basting them. This is important because, if you have never used the pattern before, there may be some difficult part which needs a little thought and adjusting. Also it needs to be fitted to you and if necessary adjustments made before sewing the garment. If I am sure the garment fits me in every detail and that no changes have to be made, I then seam the pieces up, making sure that they are seamed securely so they will not pull out. Last, but not least, comes the finishing. I always enjoy this part very greatly because I now realize that the dress is practically finished. I always take care to see that the collar, cuffs and the hem are finished properly and neatly and that the dress is carefully pressed.

Now, I can wear it. Oh! how proud I am that I am wearing today a dress that I made myself; and to think that with the money I saved by making it, I bought my silk stockings.

--Mildred Smith, '38



"Fresh Paint." Where have I heard of that before? Oh, yes, now I remember.

Not long ago as I was strolling along through the park, I became quite tired and seated myself on a park bench. Everything looked peaceful and I began thinking how thankful I was for all that I had. Suddenly a tiny squirrel dashed across the green lawn and stopped inquiringly before me. I very slowly started to arise and approach him but I found it difficult to depart from the bench. It clung to me like a long lost sister. I wore what was labeled a non-clinging dress so I couldn't quite understand just what had happened. I looked all around me to see that no one was looking and with awkwardness, craned my neck around to see what was detaining me. Oh, to my utter amazement a bright green paint left the imprints of the bench on my dress. Gracious, I couldn't possibly go home until dark.

While trying to decide where to sit I heard a gentle cooing of a dove. This one little dove was saying,"Who's 'ittle bittsy baby is 'oo?" The reply was, "Honey, 'oo know I'm you're itty bittsy baby doll."

Good heavens! I couldn't stand that much longer. I then saw the girl's face and kept staring in astonishment. Her lips were scarlet red, her face was a pale white and two big bright dots were on her cheeks. Two heavily painted eyelashes peeked bashfully out over her large eyes. I don't blame her lover for kissing her on the ear instead of her lips.

If human beings could run around loose with paint an inch thick on their faces, there was no reason why I couldn't go home with a green striped dress.

"Fresh Paint." You not only see it on park benches but smeared all over faces that you pass every day.

Now, take one good look at yourself in a mirror and see if a fresh paint sign should be hung on you.

--Phyllis Miller, '38

SILENCE AND VACANCY

Have you ever been in a large school building long after the pupils have all left? At first the rooms feel warm and friendly, and the rows of desks look active and flustered with the occasional ink bottle, several scattered pencils, and a book or two lying where they were hurriedly tossed in their owners haste to leave. But the air cools rapidly, and then the desks lose their excited look and settle down in even rows to wait.

The sense of vacancy grows. The ceilings seem higher and the blank walls farther away, while the halls are emptiest of all. For a little while the rooms echo hollowly with distant voices and laughter, the janitor's broom handle clatters loudly enough to wake the dead, and when somewhere a door slams, your body vibrates like a pounded drum.

Finally even these sounds stop and complete silence fills the cold, shadowy rooms. But, no, not complete silence, for now there comes stealing the "tick, tock, tick, tock!" of the big hall clock. As your ears, strained by the silence, quickly catch the rhythm and follow each swing of the pendulum, the sound grows louder and louder until it seems as if the clock were striding up and down, saying, "tick, tock! tick, tock! ha, ha! ha, ha! at his patiently awaited triumph over silence and sound.

--Frances Reames, '37

THE FIRST DRESS I EVER MADE

I had always had a hankering to be able to make my own clothes but I've never had any experience except on my dolls, and then even they complained. I thought to myself, "Well, now if I learned to make my own clothes perhaps I would be able to enlarge my wardrobe."

Mother said, when I told her, "Why, Child, you've not had enough experience yet to make a dress." She then proceeded, very patiently, to explain that a small amount, at least, of skill was needed.

Nevertheless, I proceeded down to the store where I chose a pattern and the required amount of material for a simple little housedress.

I then rushed home to clutter up the dining room. After several hours of concentration I finally got the "Thing", as I now had named it, cut out. Heck, it was dinner time and I was politely requested by the family to please rid the dining room of that village seamstress look. This I somewhat angrily did. I know I basted five different sections of that dress to five entirely unmatching sections. But, after two long days I fitted the dress which hung like a potato sack. By this time I was so thoroughly disgusted that, with perspiration hanging to my brow, I sewed it up anyway. I added the finishing touches but strange as it may seem the dress looked nothing like the picture on the pattern.

I immediately banished the dress to an old trunk in the attic. My hopes of being my own dressmaker vanished (for the present) as if they had been clouds on a sunshiny day.

--Roberta Mullin, '37

S N O W

After stewing and worrying, I decided to write about the joys and sorrows caused by snow. Many folks shout with glee when the fairy-like flakes tumble to the ground, but others sigh in despair.

My, the children are glad! They know that there will be no school because it is not safe for the busses to make their trips. The children, teachers and many others are out enjoying the healthful sports of skiing and sleigh riding. Early morning finds a group of them out for a day's fun. They take the spills as a great joke; then they are up to the top and whizzing down again. Never a thought as to the danger of breaking a leg or an arm. The shouts and squeals ring through the crisp cold air until noon; then they dash home for a snack to eat and toast their frozen toes by the fireside. Some decide to stay home by the nice cozy fire; but the others race back to get their turn on a certain sled. If the afternoon is bright enough, some of the sportsmen take advantage of it by taking pictures. When the snow begins to melt, hiking takes the place of skiing and sleighing.

Oh, but the sorrows are great. The poor people suffer from hunger and cold. The snow causes many to be without work. The freezing weather causes the pipes to freeze and break. This kind of weather is the cause of many deaths because it enables the influensa and pneumonia to get a start on the people. It is difficult to break a cold during this weather. The snow blanketed highways make it dangerous and difficult for those who have to travel.

I recall an incident which I read in a newspaper. Near Roseburg a school bus skidded off the highway and over a thirty foot bank. Ten children and the bus driver were seriously injured. This fact alone should make people open their eyes. Some people insist that the roads are safe, and say "I don't see why they don't have school." It is far better to lose a few days of school than to lose some lives.

--Mary Force, '37

THE SCENE CHANGES

The view from my window is more beautiful in winter than in summer. In the summer all that I see is a hot, dry field with a few withered thistles here and there. Over in the corner I see a dust-covered old shack with some of the shingles gone. Everything is hot and dry.

In the winter a magical change appears. The hot dry field has turned into a beautiful white carpet, while strange entrancing designs sparkle all over the ground. In the center of the field you see a group of red faced children laughing and shouting while they play in the snow. The old dust covered cabin has become a mighty fortress for the defense of another group of children. The blue sky puts a beautiful finish upon this delightful scene.

--Harry Frederick, '38

TERROR

Everything was so strange and unreal. Just to look at the landscape around stirred me with a mild forerunner of horror. I was in a deep, rather broad ravine and all about me was extreme desolation. The slopes in every direction were covered with dead ashes from which rose the blackened stubs and tree's skeletons looking like charred bones. It is impossible to describe the deep depression that lay on my heart from the aspect of those lifeless surroundings. Here and there floating wisps of mist made an ashen tree trunk look cold and transparent as a corpse. A clammy feeling waved through me and I looked hastily away, only to be met with similar sights. It seemed as if everything had been dead for thousands of years--as if something about the still air prevented life and growth. Even I felt cramped and cold inside and knew I could not stay in that atmosphere very long.

I was following a narrow, winding path that slanted down along the slope. Under my feet the ashes were so deep and so lacking in solidity that I felt as if I were

walking silently in an apparition world. This effect was heightened as almost invisible phantoms of ashes rose and drifted away through the black spires at each step I took.

All this was so disquieting I began walking more swiftly, but that served only to quicken my apprehensions and my imagination. Once I thought I felt a ghost's breath on the back of my neck, faintly lifting my hair and causing chills to crawl through me. I tried to shake off such feelings, but my mind only dwelt on them the more and I began to run. Once I had done that I lost all control of myself and broke into sheer flight.

I was thus running faster and faster when suddenly I came around a blind turn and stopped short. I drew back involuntarily from what I saw crouched there against the ash-covered bank. It was a loathesome thing, no longer a man but the inhabitant of a nightmare. The most horrible part of it was the head and face. The latter was very thin with cadaverous hollows under the cheek bones, but above it towered a large dome-like cranium from which grew a few straggling strands of hair. The skin was a ghostly yellow and lips drew back from fangs to which froth clung. All these features, however, were made insignificant by the eyes. These had black rings around them, setting off their terrible quality of insanity. The white expanse of the eyeballs was abnormally large, showing by a wide margin around the small cold green irises. The pupils were almost invisible, increasing the intense staniness of the stare. It was not only the insanity of the eyes that appalled me; it was the cold staring expressionlessness of them, caused not by extreme mental control but by the complete absence of a mind. Their chilling effect was almost a physical pain as they held my gaze and my whole mind and body seemed to freeze. I tried to look away but the eyes held me as a snake's hold a rabbit. However, I became aware of something that filled me with more dread, if possible. Extended toward me from that small grotesque frame was a shrivelled yellow hand with long thin fingers curled like claws. And by some means of locomotion unseen by me those clutching hands were moving slowly, inexoribly toward me!

I opened my mouth to scream, but my voice caught in my throat. I tried to force myself to run, run, anything to get away from there, but my nerves were paralyzed. I was in that state everyone has experienced during nightmares. In spite of agonizing effort, all I could do was shrink

within myself and gaze with growing horror into those insane eyes as they came closer and closer to me. The hands, more than ever like talons, seemed already to have my heart in their frozen, squeezing grasp, it was so bound with terror. Eternities passed, but finally those sharp, icy fingers clutched into my throat and, my mind seeming to snap under the terrible strain it had endured, I sank to the ground with a scream to find myself awake and sobbing into my pillow.

--Frances Reames, '37

"FOR HIGH-PROTECTIVE TARIFF."

I will endeavor to try
To tell you just why
That tariffs should never be low.
Now, in the first place
'Tis always a race
When business turns out to be slow.

So the foreigner's ships
Make hundreds of trips
With goods for our beautiful shore.
They don't pay much tax,
For our statutes are lax;
So they rush right back for some more.

This country can make-
And make no mistake-
Goods that are good as their best.
So lets close up our beaches
To these foreign leeches,
And not let them feather their nest.

So when they come in
We ought to begin
To make them pay plenty of cash.
Protect our own workers-
Not those foreign shirkers;
Or else our own business will crash.

--Mae Norris, '37

"ON BUYING A HAT"

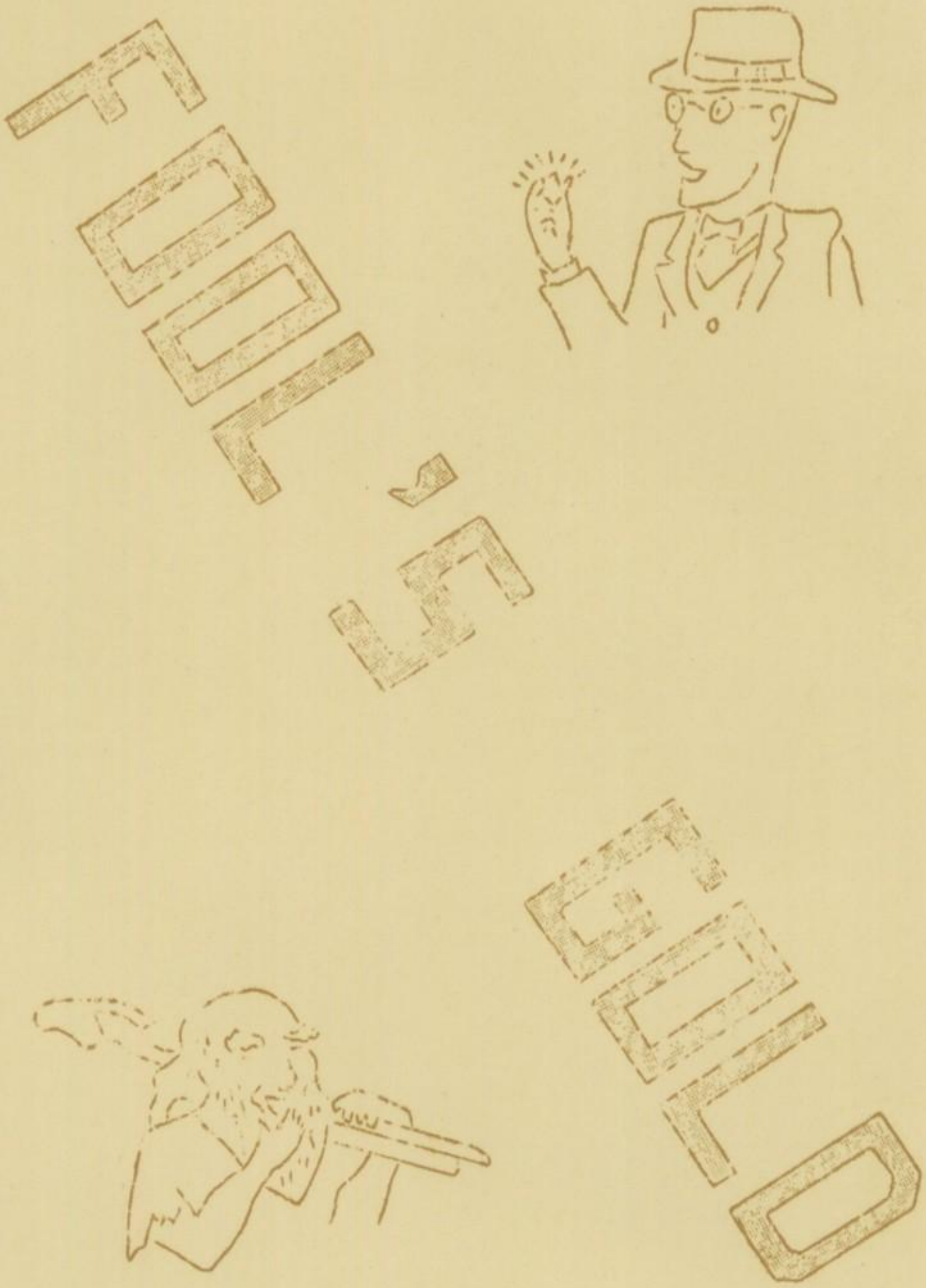
I had decided to buy a new hat. There wasn't a doubt that I needed one but buying hats is my pet hate. I ambled past a little millinery shop, glared at some hats in the window, took a deep breath and sailed through the door.

"My goodness, but that's so funny looking," shrieked a little plump woman. She was sitting before the mirror in a hat shop. Scattered about on the near-by tables and chairs, even overflowing onto the floor were chapeau. It looked as if she had been trying on every hat in the shop.

The hats were of all different types. One was a big lacy cartwheel. "A young girl could be a vision in that hat all right," I thought, "but the vision didn't resemble me." I noticed a saucy little beret with a big bow on top, which was lying on a table. Now, I thought, if I only had enough self-confidence to wear that. Over there was hanging a little mustard colored hat with about the shape of a round powder box with a long tassel clinging to the very center. As the clerk reached for it she said, "Now this hat has glamour." Silently I thought, "Do you call that 'thing' a hat?"

To my utter relief the little hat did not meet with the clerk's approval, after she had adjusted it on my head. I muttered something under my breath about it looking nice on a donkey. Next she handed to me a little blue turban, which looked like an inverted chili bowl. Gallantly riding upon the bowl was a tall feather. After forcing my face to remain straight I politely thanked the girl and left the shop. So it went all afternoon. As the hours wore on and I still had no new hat I walked sternly into a department store and quickly bought a bright red, wooly ski cap.

--Roberta Mullin, '37


FOOL
FELLO

HOW TO WRITE A POEM

There have been many volumes written on how to write a humorous poem. I am merely adding another page.

You have all seen the small book "POEMING IN TEN EASY LESSONS"; perhaps some of you have even read it. If you have, this bit of a note will not be new to you because it is taken from that very book. I quote from page 11,100, paragraph 21, line 2½.

In order that you may more easily see that rhythm is essential, I will describe the writing of "THE SPOT ON THE WALL" by Lucious Wowammer.*

"As I finished reading the letter (a bill) I realized that I was going to have to write another poem. So I started. After juggling the pens and pencils, ink and paper, desk and stool around for awhile (to warm me up), I sat down to work.

"First a title, I looked through a lot of books to find a suitable beginning word. Now I know (as you know) that nothing catches the eye as much as a mystery title, so I finally decided on 'The Spot On The Wall'.---Not bad eh!!!

"Next I must find two words that rhyme. Book---Brook---Ah---not bad!

At the fly I threw a book,
It went into the brook.

"Now for some more--floor--door.

I chased him over the floor,
And right out of the door.

"Ah! Now I'm coming along fine, two more and I'll be almost through.--runt---elephunt.

He was an awful runt,
Much smaller than an elephunt.

"Two more lines--INSPIRATION!!! Stop--Spot.

*This was taken from--MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY by Lucious Wowammer.

It was then he decided to stop,
I hit--it made a spot.*

'Now I am ready to put them together

At the fly I threw the book,
It went into the brook.
I chased him over the floor,
And right out of the door.

He was an awful runt,
Much smaller than an elephunt.
It was then he decided to stop,
I hit--it made a spot.

"When you see how this masterpiece was written I feel sure that you will decide to be a flag-pole sitter.

"One thing more--never write a poem until one hour, three minutes, and fifty-nine seconds after mid-night."

*It was here that I got the title.

--Harry Frederick, '38

A TRIP TO THE NORTH POLE

When I was young it was always my hope to go to the North Pole, and at last I was going. We loaded the airplane with the supplies we needed and were about to start when I remembered the frigidaire I had bought to take with us on the trip. So we went to my home and got it. Then we were off. We were about half a day out when suddenly I remembered we didn't have any ice for the frigidaire. When I told the pilot we had to go back, you couldn't see the floor the air was so blue. My, it was terrible how he "cussed". Well, he turned around and went back and got it. Then we were started again. When we reached the North Pole we landed and started to put up our camp when suddenly some one noticed the pole. It was all greasy where the Eskimoes had greased it and tried to climb it. It took

us two days to set up camp and on the third day every one went swimming except one man at camp, who was guard. We were having a good time swimming around when suddenly it got so cold the water froze solid, and everyone was in it when it froze. The man at camp had to chop us out. Boy was that close.

The next morning I went fishing. I took a hand line, some meat for bait, and an axe. I chopped a hole in the ice, tied the line on my wrist and went to sleep, when suddenly I was awakened by a strong jerk on my line. I was no more than awake when that fish gave a pull that pulled me right into the water through that hole in the ice. All the time I was trying to get rid of the line but my fingers were so cold I couldn't do anything. The fish was cruising around at about 400 miles per hour when he decided to get rid of that thing following him around. He started going in circles right up next to the ice. He went so fast that the ice caused my coat to get on fire on account of so much friction, and my coat melted the ice as we went. When I finally got rid of him, all I had to do was to pull myself upon the ice. When I got to camp they had to treat my back for burns.

One day I was out hunting when I sighted a polar bear coming across the ice at me. I started shooting when suddenly I found I didn't have any more shells, although I had some powder in my pocket that I had been using for blasting holes in the ice. All of a sudden a brain-storm struck me. The bear had scared me so badly that large beads of sweat were popping out on my face, then freezing. I put one of these beads of sweat that was frozen and some powder into the barrel of my gun; then I shot the bear right between the eyes. The bear then died because the heat of his body had melted the ice and had caused him to die with water on the brain.

We visited an Eskimo village where the women wore grass skirts and danced. Then we went back home. I was happy because my boyhood dream had been realized.

--Kenneth Ward, '38

A FRIGHT WITH A PORCUPINE

I wandered out one cold day in July through a cornfield of wheat to look after my crop of oats. As I was nearing my destination, I perceived a gray tuft of green grass trotting along at a galloping pace. It seemed blissfully unaware of my existence on this terrestrial sphere, so I grabbed me up a club and hit the thing a wallop on the cranium. All at once, like a streak of greased lightning, a striking rattler, or a bolt from the "blew", the thing turned on me with a ferocious growl that made my hair stand on its roots. I put up my guard and turned to do battle with my adversary. I took it by surprise with a blow to the middle. He folded up like a "bust" balloon, a groggy pug or a deflated gas bag. I, thinking he was dead, laid my hand upon his caudal appendage. I with-drew my hand at about ninety kilocycles per horsepower and found several spears with buried barbs embodied in my flesh. With excruciating pain and exotic patience I extricated the arrows. The wounds were awful.

It seemed that my opponent had come to, for he surely looked as mad as a wet hen, a jealous lover, or a mad woman. I felt several stickers all at once and looked in the direction they came from. The thing was shooting quills at me like a tommy gun gone crazy. I had to get out of his range, I knew; or I would be sorely inflicted. When I moved to one side, he just lined me up and plugged away with undaunted courage. I was powerless to return his fire. All I could do was to take it on the chin until he ran out of ammunition. But he just seemed to get all the more angry at me for "busting" him one on the head with that twelve foot pole. He moved his big guns up closer and I quickly ordered a charge putting into use all my manly powers. I just as quickly countermanded my order as I heard him sound a call for reinforcements that were already closing in on me.

I saw that he was out of ammunition so I made a long running jump and catapulted over his lowly form. But at the top of the orbit of my leap a shot hit me from behind. I felt my life blood leaking out in numerous openings so I ordered full speed ahead, and when I got home it took me one hour and fifteen minutes to remove the barbs from my body; and, as soon as I was finished, I took one quart of chloroform and blissfully bid the cruel world adieu.

--Maxine Holifield, '38

HOW TO WASTE TIME IN SCHOOL

People waste their time in various ways. Of course I am no exception.

Now for instance, there's that chunky little blonde. He's drawing pictures of brawny football players. Another example is that little brown-eyed girl furiously writing away. "Gosh", I thought, "wonder why she's so industrious. Probably thought she was 'gonna' flunk and she is doing some 'cramming'." Confidentially, I leaned near her desk to ask her why she was working so hard. She said, "Oh, I'm just writing Johnny a letter." In this case Johnny was the boy friend.

Across the aisle from me was another girl, listlessly drawing pictures of glamorous looking ladies on the fly leaf in her English book. It's a crime the way some people can waste a lot of good time.

In front of this girl sat a boy who was seriously studying. Listlessly my eyes flickered over him and lingered on the blackboard in front of the room. I thought wonderingly, "Why did they call it a blackboard when it was green." I looked disconsolately at the pictures on the Study Hall wall, Washington, Lincoln and a framed copy of the Declaration of Independence. I had been looking at these same pictures ever since I had entered high school.

I glared at the clock, then, not because I had any special desire to know what time it was, but it would help to pass the time away.

Over near the windows a girl was furiously scratching fingernail polish from her fingernails. I looked beyond her at the thick cement dust which coated the gymnasium roof. Just then I heard the bell ring. I looked quickly at the clock. My mouth fell open from astonishment. This study period was over, my last one today, and I didn't have that theme finished! I groaned inwardly at the thoughtlessness of some people. Why couldn't they give us long enough study periods in which to do our work!

--Roberta Mullin, '37

MR. OSWALD CAPSELPILL SPEAKING

"Ah, dis is Mr. Oswald Capselpill und Company."

"Vots, dat you say? Vot?"

"No, I doan tink so. Whose iss dis speaking mit me at?"

"Oh, Herr Stinklbaum. How you iss?"

"Oh, dat iss too badt."

"Dis iss turrible vedder for dose tings. I telling you what you do for dot. Taking one large hesperin pill. Get der goot frau to putting on der mustard plaster before you hitting der hay. Dot should voik. If it shoad not I'll bringing ofer der demijohn und der saurdrout, der oldt nefer fails."

"Vo pot your poots. She got a kick lak der Missouri mule filled mit Epple cidor."

"Seitenly der krout is foist class. We Capselpills always pyis der pest."

"Vell, you try der hesperin pill und der mustard plaster. In der mean time I'll semple der condents of de demijohn yust in case. Goot pye, Herr Stinklebaum."

"Yah, Yah! Who iss?"

"Oh, Fraulin Gootenhymer. How yo iss?"

"Yore liddle Oscar? Yah, I tinks he vent pye here a while gone pye. He had Herr Stinklebaum's dachund and said he vas going to making der hot dogs."

"Yah, I tink he dit."

"Yah, I tell him. Goot pye, Fraulin Gootenhymer, Goot pye."

--Jim Cornutt, '37

Mr. Oswald Capselpill

A TRIP TO FISH LAKE

It was after three weeks of schoolless bliss that my chum and I decided to go to Fish Lake! Ah! That fisherman's paradise, that hunter's delight, the photographer's dream, and, (as we found out later) the home of fifty million nice, big, juicy mosquitoes. At last we were to go to the land of our dreams; at last we were to catch our fill of fish. Such marvelous stories we had heard as to the quantities of fish. Could we help but catch a million?

The only problem standing in our way was transportation. What mattered that? Hadn't we a pair of trusty legs? Why not hitch-hike? We found the answer to our question at the end of the first one-half mile. Back home we came. We moped around for three or four days when I suddenly got the bright idea of borrowing a car. Our spirits were up, so we started wandering all over the country trying to borrow a car. We finally got one only by promising to take Little Junior along. We promised, but if we had seen what was ahead of us we would have drowned him.

Well, at last we were off. Everyone was happy except me. I had to give my place to Little Junior. Here I was sitting under everything we had, which included trunks, axes, a sack of flour, fishing tackle, books, a tent, and a suit case full of lead toy boats--Little Juniors. This suitcase kept sliding down and hitting my head, which eventually gave me a very sever head-ache and also several marble sized bumps.

Well, as I said, we were off. (off our heads). After the first fifty miles I began to get hot, after sixty miles I was hot; after seventy, sweltering, after eithty, we stopped. I crawled out only to find that we had gone up the wrong road. OUCH!!! that hurt. I turned around to find Little Junior throwing rocks the size of your fist at my head. GRRRRRRrrrrrr! I started after him, when suddenly he pulled out a rather formidable looking weapon and started taking pot shots at me. I retreated full speed ahead. Well, sir, I had just got settled when "COUGH, COUGH, COUGH," THE MOTOR STOPPED. I walked five miles for gas! There wasn't much that happened after that, except Junior shot the hat off of a village marshall and we had to run for it.

It was 10:00 when we arrived. I started putting up the tent. I had it nicely strung up when WHOOSH it fell down again. There was Little Junior cutting rocks with my knife. He had also cut the rope of the tent.

When I had finally got it put up and had started the fire, "ZZZZZZZZZ", fifty thousand mosquitoes started in on me. I bet they raised welts the size of eggs. I was growing extremely miserable when I looked over and saw Junior -Little Junior, little no more. He was about twice his normal size and growing every minute from mosquito bites. I sat down and laughed and laughed. It was so funny seeing that little pest getting pestered.

It was the next morning that he got even. I woke up with the funniest feeling in my neck. I reached up there and---WOW-up I jumped. There was a snake the size of a hoe handle around my neck. As I dashed out of the tent, I tripped and fell in a tub of mud. After I had spent about three hours washing myself, I got out only to find my clothes all tied into knots. I spent the next half-hour untieing them.

After this slight mishap we decided to go fishing. I trudged slowly and painfully towards the pier, Junior sitting astradle of my neck, kicking me in the ribs, throwing rocks at every thing in sight, which included two deputy game wardens. When we had finally talked the game warden out of arresting us for destroying public property, we got into the boat and rowed out to the middle of the lake to fish. Just as we were getting comfortably situated, Junior, who was standing on the front of the boat jumping up and down, fell in. My companion rushed to save him, but I told him to let the little "brat" stay in and cool off for awhile. About a minute later, as I thought he was growing weak, I reached over to help him in. He then climbed aboard, and when I tried to get aboard he stamped on my fingers. Finally my compaion held him and I climbed aboard. This, another one of those small events, ended our fishing trip. I rowed ashore, packed, and went home vowing never again to go fishing unless by myself.

--Harry Frederick, '38

WHEN I MAKE AN ORAL SPEECH

When I get up in front of the class,
To make an oral speech,
My knees become all wabbly,
And my nerves begin to screech.

And then I try to convince myself
That they are just as I,
And though they all make an oral speech,
Prefer to curl up and die.

But here I am in front of the class,
My face is just like a beet;
And as I just have to make this speech,
I'll make it short and sweet.

Now I must face the audience,
All in their own places,
And all up and down in solid rows,
Are faces, faces, faces.

Now's my title, and then I begin;
The sentence sounds no good;
And though I try to hold them, 'tis vain,
For the words come in a flood.

I stumble through from start to finish,
My face is hot and burning;
Now I can go back to my own desk
For which my heart is yearning.

I reach my desk so shamed and forlorn--
Where are those scornful leers?
Why doesn't the teacher send me from class?
For whom are all those cheers?

They're all saying, "That is just great",
"What a speech she made!"
Well! I just sit down in great amaze,
To let my color fade.

--Patricia Reames, '38

GREAT UNCLE ABNER'S GARDEN

"Wal, naow yew know, son, when I was just a boy, my Pa, he never cud make the vegytables in his gyarden grow. They was just runty and no-'count at tall. One day he sez to me he sez, 'Abner, I guess as how yew hed better to take keer o' the gyarden this year. They jest ain't no sense in me a tryin' agin.'"

"Wal, naow, yew know, son, I knowed wut wus the matter with them vegytables. It weren't their fault they cudn't grow. The soil jest wasn't no good. I made up my mind that I'd fix it up swell. I got a lot of stuff together and mixed it up real well and spread it all over the ground. And yew know----------"

"Eh? Oh, no, I cain't remember wut wus in thet stuff I mixed up. Yew see I'm purty old and my mem'ry is kind of dull-like. Wal, as I was a sayin', I planted a lot of vegytable seeds of all kinds. Within two days them vegytables were as big as they gen'ally is in six weeks. Purty soon they were so big that I begun to get worried. I busted two shovel handles a tryin' to dig me some pertaters. Finally I borried the steam-shovel from the cement-plant and dug all my vegytables that growed under the ground. I didn't know wut to do with 'em, so I cut 'em inter pieces with an cross-cut saw and gave ever'body in town some. My lettuce and cabbages were so big that they hed to be cut with a scythe. I had to saw each leaf off seperately and then cut them into smaller pieces so they cud be used. And say! my strawberries, they was so big that they looked like great big apples. Them there things were only part of wut I growed that year. I don't want yew to be too astounded naow, so I'll tell yew about my other vegytables sum other time.

"What? Oh, no, sir, I certinly didn't raise any gayarden like thet agin."

"Why, Wal naow yew know, son, I'm kinder ashamed to tell yew this. I was 17 thet year and nat'ally strong and healthy, but yew know it plumb tired me out so much a packin' water to them vegytables that I ain't never been able to do a lick o' hard work since, and me a 101 years old last Satidy."

--Helen Dorman, '37

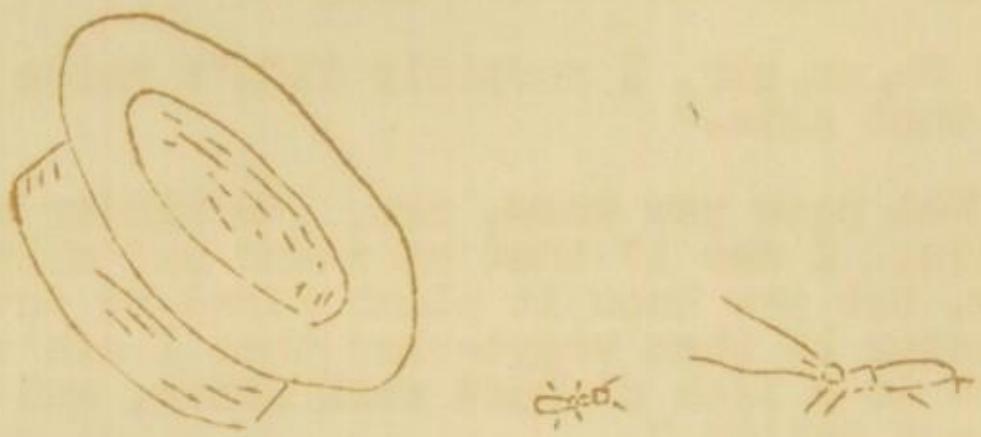
THE COCKROACH AND THE LOUSE

The evening before Christmas, all round
the house,
Not a "Buggy" was stirring-not even a louse.
The hat was hung on the wall with care
Hoping that no lousey soon would be there;
There it hung all through the night,
When, alas! There was a terrible fight.

In the hat was a rattle-te-bang;
Down fell the hat from where it did hang;
It hit the floor with a ka-thug, thug, thug;
There on the floor lay a little bug.
A louse was there and it was quite dead,
It had fallen on its poor little head.
Along came a cockroach, blousety-blouse,
And just gobbled up the poor little louse.

Sob! Sob!

--LaVern Dungey, '37



I DO DESPISE THE DARK

As a kid I always was awful skared of the dark.

I always went to bed about dusk and covered up my head and ears so I wouldn't see the dark when it come. I took my cat t'bed with me too 'cause I jest couldn't go up them stairs by meself.

When I growed up I never got over it much; I jest kept on a 'bein a'skared of the dark.

When I was twenty-two years old I married the pertiest gal in the country; Symanthy Green was her "John Henry."

One day after we'd been married fer about ten years, it came out in the news-paper that we was a goin to have a T-total eclipse of the sun the comin Wednesday. On Wednesday I was perty sick; I'd been cuttin wood and I dedn't want to be cought out there in them woods with no eclipse of no sun. But Symanthy jest got hold of my ear and pulled me out of that bed and sent me up in them woods to work. She wouldn't even let me take me lantern along with me.

Long about noon here come something and jest clear civered up the sun. I begin to run tords home jest as fast as I cud go. The owls began to hoot and bears and things begin to chase after me. Symanthy 'ud sure be ashambed of herself when she found me bones with the meat all ett off.

I was still runin when all at once I fell right in a hole full of water; I was so skared I couldn't get out. I never was very 'ligious but I kept me head above water and begin to pray as I had never prayed since Ma used to listen to me prayers at night before I went to bed.

I had jest D-sided that the world was comin to it's end when the sun come out as bright as ever. Well I found meself in Symanthy's fish pond. I clum out and crawled up on the front steps and stayed sot until my knees got thru wigglin.

I sure do despise T-total eclipses

--Hazel Kendall, '38

SAMPILL BIZNES LETHERS

To the Editer of the Gold Hill Nuse
Deer Sir:

Ise bin wonerin if U wood like my manuscrip too publeesh dis weak. Et am bout a yung gal, hoo wen don to turnament to see players on floor runin after de ball. Et am gud. U like et, I no.

Dat was a gud storee u ad las weak, I lafed till I was akin all orver.

Tell dat gal orf yourn hoo gits de nuse not to gat nun bout me.

Noting xitin apen in dat beeg ton wer U R? Mos xitin ting apened ere. Sircuss come too ton. Et stayed a day. De stoes closedd don. No bode ded notin. We al ad a gud time. Dat was firs musment in R ton fo for yeers.

Yures trule,

Rosa Desimini

P.S. If U wan namuscrip, rite me and Ile komens to rite it.

--Rosa Desimini, '38

Cleer valley. Montany
RFD 482

Deer Mr Workumfaster

I see by the pleasantville Daily whear you was lookin fer a kar Macanic. i think I'm just the man you want. ive gone to school to the fifth grade includin Kintergarden

I'me very experience with kars. My cousin lent me his T model ford onece and i herded it all over the farm and when it ran out of gas, i guest just what was rong. i also fixed several other kars which were ailing.

I am also a very honest person having onlie ben in jaile onlie too times: I'd better klose as it is time to sap the hefers

Respectfully yourn
Zeke Brown

P. S. if you think ime the man you want rite me a post kard

--Jack Martin, '37

Wear out Tire Company
Rotten Rubber New York

Dearing Sir,

I read a paper-Yes fancy me reading a paper-and way, way down in one corner I found your ad wanting a steno-grafer. I'm am just what you want. In school I made the gread sped of 25 wds per min or times 60 is 1500 wds per hour but who can last an hour? My short handing teacher was Sharp. She teached me every thing from A to B. Not so far eh? But I can writting it purty good for amatur.

Now if you will please sen me my bus fare and cellery in advance I will come to seeing you, No?

Glad to have meeting you-
I am
oh who am I?

--Edna Dunlap, '37

Plugwumpel
March 17, 1937

Woofumpoof
Edtor Woofumpoof Blurp

Dere Sor:

T'other day the stork brought my pooches, Mr. and Mrs. Mutt, six bran new baby pooches. Now theze baby pooches are thurbred mongrel cur houns. Mr. Mutt is a

pointer, he pints his noze to the skye an howls all nite. Mrs. Mutt is a setter, she sits by the dor all day and wates for some one to feed her.

I wants youns to adwertize theze baby Mutts for sale they are pretty little devils. Theze are what could be called assorted dorgs. Some are black and wite, brown and wite and blue and black. Some have long tails, some have half tails and some have no tails atall.

Now Isle give theze baby houns to the first people on the sene.

Sin Serely Yourn
Aswald Capsellpill

PZ Youns scratch My fleez and Isle scratch yourn.

ON BEING GOOD

Goodness, how tired I am of being good. I have been good for some time now, but just the same Miss Paulsen looks at me about every two minutes as if she thinks I am squeaking my desk. Of course I am not though, since I am being good.

Now comes the end of the period so I get up and proceed to the next class. While trying to keep ahead of the person behind me, I run into someone ahead of me. He immediately lets out a whoop causing Miss Sharp to hasten to the scene of the accident. She has to know all the reasons for the disturbance and then hurries me on to my class where the teacher asks me where I have been and tells me to go and get a readmission slip. After some difficulty in finding Mr. Cook I get the required slip and return to class and go into deep concentration trying to find out what good it is to be good when the teachers don't believe you.

--Horace Wilson, '37

An Idealistic Freshman Poet submitted the following to us as His Idea of the Ideal Popular Song. Write your own music.

BEAUTIFUL EYES OF BLUE

I

When the snow drifts over the mountains blue,
As I sit by the fire thinking about you,
While the coyotes howl
And the wildcats prowl
I'm still sitting by the fire thinking of you
With your beautiful eyes of blue.

II

When the sun shines in the skies of blue
I sit by the stream and think of you,
Sweetheart of my dream
With your eyes of blue
While the water goes down the stream
I sit by the brook and dream of you.

III

When I sit by the fire-place bright
I think of you this night
The coals in the fire-place glow
The lights in the room go low
And I think of the day I left you
With your beautiful eyes of blue.

CHORUS

You stole my heart away
For your true love I pray;
Honey, with your eyes of blue,
This night I think of you.

--Claire Stumbo, '40

THE HUNTER

As I was climbing
A mountain side,
In front of me
A buck I spied.

The buck saw me
And began to run,
So at once
I shouldered my gun.

I shot the buck
Right in the head,
It then rolled over
And seemed to be dead.

As I approached
I could hear,
The moaning of
That half-dead deer.

It rolled its eyes
And stared at me,
Then I knew
It wanted sympathy.

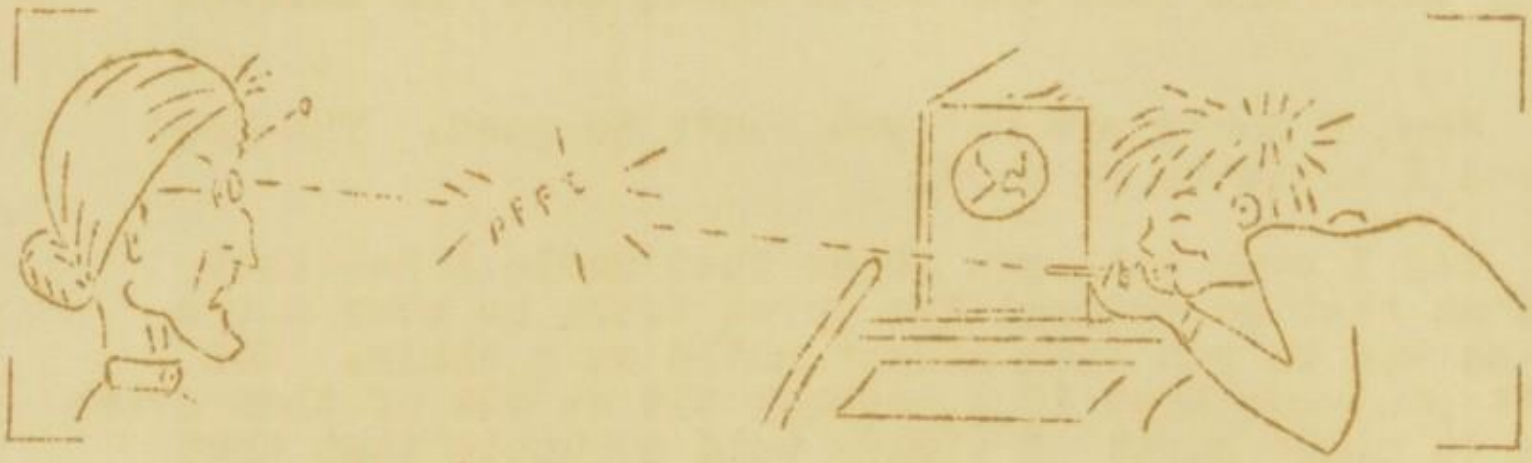
I rubbed it gently
On the head,
It soon rolled over
And was dead.

The misery
This deer went through,
Nobody could
Explain to you.

I broke my gun
Over a tree,
And said that was the last
Hunting trip for me.

--Laverne Walker, '38

TO THE YOUNGER GENERATION OR---TRAINING JACKRABBITS



You know, one day I was a thinkin' about a turrible "trial by fires" that teachers go through. It jest seemed to me that they can't be humans and do what they do. And the're not looked up to as humans either. You kids seem to think that they should never be wrong or say anithing agin you fur doin' wrong. Now, you know that that ain't the right way to act. I reckon you should coperate with our teachers. The're teachen' the three R's and you aught to hep 'em all you kin. Now, when I was a little boy we didn't have schools like you kids do today. We jest had the little old red-school house on the hill. We never had eny of them jillopies you hav now days to take you to school. We hoofed it. And when the teacher showed us a mite of kindness we thought she was the best thing a'goin'. We never sassed our teachers either and we called 'em ma'am like good kids should. I'll never forgit the time when Joe Vinegarpuss sassed the teacher. You know, he jest stood there lookin' at her defiant-like and she sat there jist looking like a wild cat with two eyes blazin'. She jist up and came down to Joe and fetched him by the coller an' she toted him right out to the woodshed. We boys wanted to see what was doin' but she slammed the door in our faces. But we peeked through a hole in the wall. Say, she took a piece of harness and did she give Joe a larripen. Now, you know I never did think kids should sass a teacher 'cause you never know maybe one of these modern schoolmarms will take a streak like that.

You know, my dad always told me that shootin' spit wads was dangerous, too. I knowed he was tellin' the truth so I told him, "Pop, yer shure right." You know, them spit wads can do a lot of harm to a body. Take the time that Benny Nutbread took a potshot at the teacher. It hit right between the eyes. She up and let out a yell that could run competition with a locomotive whist-

le. You know, that teacher's been cross-eyed ever since. Benny shore did feel bad about thet, too. He married her.

Now, I don't see why you can't be good. The Lord knowed I wants to be good.

Did I ever tell you about that uncle I had that told me that he thought the worst trick he ever saw a kid do was to put them midget nails on a chair. Now don't you know that if a teacher sit on one of them critters it might hurt? I always told my uncle that thet shore was bad and didn't blame a teacher for knocking a body's head off fer doin' it.

You know it's been a nigh on forty years since I seer the old school house. I can see it now. Desks, where we had carved our names until we couldn't put a piece of paper on it without it lookin' like a relief map of the Rocky Mountains. Gum on the seats. Apple cores and sticks of candy in the desks that we et "when the ma'am wasn't lookin'"

Yes, those reveries and memories come back to me often but you know I wouldn't want to be back ther'. Nope, I can't say thet I would.

So now you small children when you think of doing something yer shouldn't jist remember how I was fetched up and remember what might happen to you.

Give the teachers a break. I reckon they won't mind.

I give my three cheers to the teachers--Bless their hearts (and their brains).

I want to say goodbye to all you nice kiddies. It's been scrumshus being here, but I'll be a mite glad to git back to old Arkansas.

--The Arkansas Traveler
--Maxine Holifield, '38

LIGHTS, LIGHTING AND LIGHTNING

I have had a few hours experience as stage electrician and was glad for the chance to learn what little I did because it gave me something to forget.

Besides running up and down hill to town so I could miss school, I got into the play free. I lost a little sleep but didn't miss that nearly as much as I did the grades that should have been where the incompletes were on all my cards and papers. Besides this, I had many hours of Shop to make up after school.

I climbed up and down ladders until I could talk monkey language so well I could carry on hours of conversation with a zoo keeper. The reason for all the climbing was to put lights in the overheads which had to be changed about fifteen times until all parties were satisfied.

One of my pet worries was to try to find enough nerve, tin, wire, and bulbs to make a star while perched on top of a ladder. The star had some resemblance to the Star of Bethlehem and held together long enough for the play to go on.

After the lighting was all finished and it was just a few hours till time for the play to start it was decided, not by me, of course, that there was too much shadow. In order to fix that it was necessary to take down most of the lights and change them around. After a couple of hours of strenuous thought and action everyone was pleased and tired.

After each of the other plays I said, "Never again!" But I am now ready for another one if it should become necessary. However I haven't any gray hair to show for all of my worry so if I am an electrician again I am going to get a gray wig to prove my cares.

--Dale Clement, '38

"THAT'S JUST THE WAY WITH ASSES, JUST THE WAY"

They sat on a stump
With the flowers blooming round,
Beside them ran a stream
That never made a sound.

He gathered up his courage
And handed her some nuts,
Then up the road he heard a noise-
A wagon in the ruts.

As swiftly as the wind
He bounded up a tree.
Afraid to be seen
But there still sat she.

Finally the sound died away
And down he came from his perch.
He stood by her side without a sound
It was still as a Quaker Church.

Suddenly she broke the silence
With her chatter as she ran
And climbed a tree into a nest
To look back at the man.

She climbed a tree into a nest.
Yes, in a sudden whirl,
For he was just a chipmunk,
And she a striped squirrel.

--Lucille Smith, '40

Horsie

KorthH.

HARRY

Vern W.

(PEARS)

Eileen

Gilbert

FACULTY

McKey

Cook

PAULSEN

SHARP

"J U S T I M A G I N E"

Lucille Smith	"Smittie"	With nothing to say
Ruth Lance	"Peg"	Weighing 180 pounds
Jillinda Martin	"Jill"	Proposing to Don Dungey
Beulah Rosencrans	"Fattie"	Toe dancing
Dorothy Ham	"Dot"	Not enjoying a ride in Kenny's model-T
Marjorie Frolich	"Marge"	Vamping Howard
Fred Herrin	"Fritz"	With false teeth and a dyed wig
Everett Young	"Ebix"	Going for a ride in a baby buggy
Claire Stumbo	"Clarence"	Wearing long curls and short pants
Robert Wolfe	"Shorty"	Sprouting wings
LaVelle Edington	"Blondy"	Without a boy friend in Grants Pass
Dorothea Duncan	"Betty"	Beating Marg's time with Ray Blair
Charlotte Walker	"Winkum"	Not closing her eyes
Sybil Walker	"Syb"	Crying because she lost an all-day sucker
Duane Hutchins	"Hutchie"	With stingy ears
Virginia Duncan	"Jinnie"	Not being able to flash that winning smile
Virginia Shoemaker	"Gin"	Tall and slender
Gilbert Lentz	"Bert"	A bald-headed bachelor
Eileen Shorb	"Half Pint"	Without Gilbert
Donald Dungey	"Fatso"	Transferring his affections
Kenethea Kegg	"Keo"	Grey-haired wife of a sea captain
Lloyd Hammond	"Ham"	Paying attention in English class
Elizabeth Davis	"Nibs"	Not flirting
Champlin Garrison	"Champy"	Playing with a rattle
Bill Dungey	"Cutie"	Tall, Dark, and Handsome
Vernice Martin	"Curly"	Having a rendezvous with Jim
Robert Mullin	"Moon"	With little "pig" eyes and a big roman nose.
Laurraine Force	"Red Bird"	With a pug nose
Wanda Hayes	"Tiny"	Playing marbles with the quintuplets
Beverly Phillips	"Blacky"	Without a cheery word for Buster
Louise Chapman	"Lou"	Going on a diet
Mildred Smith	"Mildie"	Without something to do

Sylvia Croft	"Bell"	Being able to sing
Maxine Holifield	"Max"	Using horse sense
Phyllis Miller	"Toots"	Running Mac's Place
Rosa Desimini	"Ro"	A model for Jantzen Swim Suits
Patricia Reames	"Patty"	Playing with her toes
Merl Kendall	"Tubby"	Serious about playing opposite Leonard
Hazel Kendall	"Sis"	Sawed off
Evelyn Martin	"Girlie"	Working in a candy factory
Bob Kouth	"Sonny"	Trying to behave
Harry Frederick	"Snowball"	Without his hick walk
Dale Clement	"Speed"	Riding a bicycle up Sardine Creek
Leonard Keil	"Georgie"	Getting a "squabble" with Roberta
Howard Wilson	"Lucy"	Ditching Lucille for Marjorie
LaVerne Walker	"Sep"	Eating spinach so he can protect Judy
Kenneth Ward	"Squeak"	Losing his girlish figure
Raymond Budden	"Red"	Moving to be closer to his girl friend
Roberta Mullin	"Sarj"	Throwing Cook out of a student meeting
Catherine King	"Kathy"	Cooking a meat loaf
Helen Dorman	"Daze"	Without Juliet tagging her
Mary Force	"Bunny-duck"	Without her lips painted
Delores Drennen	"Dee"	Not hanging her head
Frances Reames	"Fran"	Teaching school
Vivian Dunlap	"Buster"	Outlining a chapter in History
Edna Dunlap	"Eddie"	Stepping out without Dale's consent
Mae Norris	"Pussy"	As fat as a pig
Frieda Young	"Fritzie"	Dancing the hula
Leo Walker	"Rose Marie"	Playing with dolls
LaVerne Dungey	"Chi-Chi"	With a girl friend
Horace Wilson	"Horsie"	Not being able to argue
Raymond Blair	"Tootsies"	Wearing a No. 3½ shoe
Kendal Dufur	"Duf"	Making eyes at Frances
Jack Martin	"Mac"	Six feet tall with straight blonde hair
James Cornatt	"Jim"	Not clearing his throat
Mr. Cook	"Bud"	Not chasing you around with an excuse slip
Miss Paulsen	"Paulie"	Without her famous "So much for that"
Mr. McGuire	"Mick"	Not making the History class outline
Miss Sharp	"Becky"	Convincing her shorthand class that she has no "Paul Effort!"

HOWDY
FOLKS:

I'v just been to Grant's Pass and found it a good place to trade

Especially at the
ROGUE RIVER
HARDWARE

GRANTS PASS ORE

MEDFORD BRANCH
THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL
BANK

RESOURCES OVER 120 MILLIONS
Member Federal Deposit
Insurance Corporation

Geo. Frey, Manager
Dwight Houston Asst.

JACQUE LENOX
READY-TO-WEAR AND
MILLINERY
MEDFORD OREGON

Hazel: "What are the Bill of Rights often called?"

Sylvia: "The first ten commandments."

PROM
GRADUATION
AND
VACATION
APPAREL

MEDFORD
OREGON

THE BANDBOX

MARSHALL
SMITH
LEONARD
INC.

PRINTING
RULING
DESIGNING

PHONE 1363
MEDFORD

SCHOOL SUPPLIES
FOUNTAIN PENS
PERFUMES
STATIONERY
TOILETRIES

"If we haven't it we'll get it!"

BECKER'S DRUG STORE
A.F. BECKER PROP.

DRAKE'S GROCERY
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE

WE DELIVER ANYTIME

GOLD HILL
MEAT MARKET

OSCAR SHEPHERD

Mr. McGuire: What is bamboo used for?

Lloyd Hammond: Why, -er, to go fishing with.

HAM'S GROCERY
I.G.A. STORE
GROCERIES
HIGH
QUALITY
PHONE 12
GROCERY
& MARKET

GOLD HILL NEWS
"FIRST CLASS PAPER
IN A FIRST CLASS TOWN
WITH A FIRST CLASS
SCHOOL"

OUR NEWS TODAY
MAKES HEADLINES
FOR OTHERS TOMORROW

WALLACE IVERSON
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to spend,
If you use Hi-Octane.
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AND
SERVICE STATION

Roberta: (to class advisor who has arrived late at a class meeting) "Excuse me, Mr. Cook, I'd advise you to wait a few minutes. They are talking about you now."

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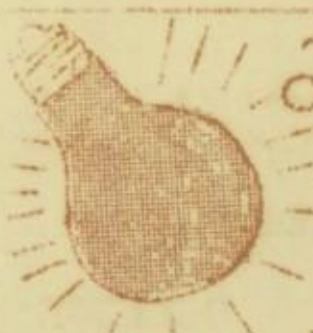

The "Light" Idea
Is the Right Idea

Your - EYES are your most precious possession. They are the most useful and at the same time the most delicate organs of your entire body. If they are to last through your lifetime, you must guard them carefully and give them constant protection. Good light is necessary for proper seeing. Wherever there is poor light, eyestrain is sure to occur. Look to your lighting if you would keep the priceless treasure of good eyesight.

THE CALIFORNIA-OREGON POWER COMPANY

Kenneth Ward: (in English III class) My theme title is, "One Fourth of July Celebration That I Remember".

Miss Paulson: What's the matter, Kenneth? Don't you remember the rest?

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Mr. Cook: "Did you ever do a good day's work in your life?"

Horace: "Do you mean all together or just at one time?"

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VIVIAN NORMAN BARTO
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COMPLIMENTS
OF COY'S
SERVICE STATION
AND
RESTAURANT

Miss Sharp: Why did you have such a far away look on your face while I was singing?

Harry: Oh, I was merely thinking of the far-away places I would like to be right now.

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MEDFORD BUSINESS
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Miss Sharp: (to the play cast)
"If you don't all get in and work, we won't have any play."

"Roby": "All work, no play."

Golden Rule
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FOR MEN AND
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GOLD HILL OREGON

Gilbert: "Do you believe in long engagements?"

Eileen: "Yes, I think young couples ought to be happy as long as possible."